

T H E

# Massachusetts Magazine :

OR

## MONTHLY MUSEUM

O F

### Knowledge AND Rational Entertainment.

No. VIII.]—For A U G U S T, 1793.—[Vol. V.

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# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Mirror*—we are happy that this excellent *Speculum* is still entire.

*The Duellists*—a Dialogue, is acknowledged to have merit ; its length precluded its insertion ; but we shall endeavour to gratify the author very shortly.

*The Gleaner*, No. 15—the continued efforts of this writer to instruct and amuse, merit many thanks. We are sorry that the limits of the Magazine, allow but a small portion of space, to the most deserving individuals.

*Sonnet to the Country Girl*—Menander has a happy talent at Poetry.

*Pathetick Effusions*—Alexandrines are calculated for the mopings of melancholy : They admirably lengthen the notes of grief.

*Anna Louisa*—thy night is luminous ; what must the morning star of Genius be ?

*Alouette*—is thy harp pendent on the willows of sorrow ?

*Amicus*—the sons of sensibility demanded thy plaintive tones.

*The Germe of Fancy, and the Essayist*--oblige us with them early in the month.

*Preseffor Howell's Benediction*--merits a conspicuous place in our next.

## PRICES OF PUBLICK SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

Aug.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Massachusetts State Notes.	United States Bank Shares.	Massachusetts Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares.	Finals & L. Office Certif. inter. fr. Ja. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with in-terest fr. March 1789.	Indents. on Loan Certif. & Reg. Dt.	New Emission Money.	Old Emission Money.
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JOHN MASTRON, STOCK BROKER





Engraved by S. Hill.

*Mariat*  
OF MOULINES.



T H E

# Massachusetts Magazine

FOR J U L Y, 1793.

Maria, of Moulins.

[With a handsome ENGRAVING.]

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FROM TRISTRAM SHANDY.

THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard ; and I instantly let down the fore glass to hear them more distinctly——'Tis MARIA, said the *Postilion*, observing I was listening——Poor MARIA, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her ; for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank, playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little *Goat* beside her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent, and a look, so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four and twenty sous piece, when I got to *Moulins*.

——And who is poor MARIA--said I.

The love and pity of all the Villages around us, said the *Postilion*——It is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quickwitted, and amiable a maid ; and better fate did MARIA deserve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the Curate of the Parish who published them——

He was going on, when MARIA, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again——they were the same notes——yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man ; but who has taught her to play it ; or how she came by her pipe, no one knows ; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both ; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation——She has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

We had got up, by this time, almost to the bank where MARIA was sitting ; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves, twisted a little fantastically on one side. She was beautiful ; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart ache, it was the moment

ment

ment I saw her——God help her, poor damsel ! above an hundred masses, said the *Postilion*, have been said in the several parish churches, and convents around, for her——but without effect——we have still hopes, as she is sensible, for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself ; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost forever.

As the *Postilion* spoke this, MARIA made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat, before I relapsed from my enthusiasm. MARIA, looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her Goat——and then at me——and then at her Goat again, and so on alternately.——Well MARIA, said I softly, what resemblance do you find.

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is—that I asked the question ; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever RABELAIS scattered ; and yet I own, my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days ; and never——never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

Adieu, MARIA ; adieu ; poor hapless damsel !----someday, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips-- but I was deceived ; for that moment she took her pipe, and told such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps, walked softly to my chaise.

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### The Closing Scene.

#### THE LAST MOMENTS OF ROUSSEAU.

J. JACQUES ROUSSEAU rose in perfect health, to all appearance, on Thursday morning the 2d of July, at five o'clock (his usual hour in summer), and walked with his young Pupil. About seven he returned to his house alone, and asked his wife if breakfast was ready ? Finding it was not, he told her he would forego some moments into the wood, and desired her to call him when breakfast was on the table. He was accordingly called, returned home, drank a dish of coffee, went out again, and came back a few minutes after. About eight, his wife went down stairs to pay the account of a Smith, but scarcely had she been a moment below,

below, when she heard Mr. Rousseau complain. She returned immediately, and found him sitting on a chair, with a ghastly countenance, his head reclining on his hand, and his elbow sustained by a desk. "What is the matter, my dear friend (said she) ! are you indisposed?"—"I feel (said he), a painful anxiety, and the keen pains of a colic." Upon this Mrs. Rousseau left the room, as if she intended to look for something, and sent to the castle on account of her husband's illness. The Marchioness, on this alarming news, ran with the utmost expedition to the Cottage of the Philosopher, and that she might not alarm him, she said she came to enquire whether the music that had been performed during the night, in the open air before the Castle, had not disturbed him and Mrs. Rousseau.—The Philosopher replied, with the utmost tranquillity of tone and aspect, "*Madam, I know very well that it is not any thing relative to music that brings you here :—I am very sensible of your goodness :—but I am much out of order, and I beg it as a favour, that you will leave me alone with my wife, to whom I have a great many things to say at this instant.*" Madame De Girardin immediately withdrew. Upon this Mr. Rousseau desired his wife to shut the door, to lock it on the inside, and to come and sit by him. "I shall do so, my dear friend (said she), I am now sitting beside you—how do you find yourself?"

*Rousseau.* I grow worse—I feel a chilly cold—a shivering over my whole body—give me your hands, and see if you can warm me—Ah !—that gentle warmth is pleasing—but the pains of the colic return—they are very keen.

*Mrs. Rousseau.* Do you not think, my dear Friend, that it would be proper to take some remedy to remove these pains ?

*Rousseau.* My dear, be so good as to open the window, that I may have the pleasure of seeing once more the verdure of that field—how beautiful it is ! how pure the air ! how serene the sky !—What grandeur and magnificence in the aspect of Nature !

*Mrs. Rousseau.* But, my good Friend, why do these objects affect you so particularly at present ?

*Rousseau.* My dear—It was always my earnest desire that it would please God to take me out of the world before you—my prayer has been heard—and my wish will soon have its accomplishment.—Look at that Sun, whose smiling aspect seems to call me hence ! There is my God—God himself—who opens to me the bosom of his paternal goodness, and invites me to taste and enjoy, at last, that eternal and unalterable tranquillity, which I have so long and so ardently panted after.—My dear spouse—do not weep—



weep—you have always desired to see me happy: I am now going to be truly so!—Do not leave me: I will have none but you to remain with me—you alone shall close my eyes.

*Mrs. Rousseau.* My dear—my good Friend—banish those apprehensions—and let me give you something—I hope that this indisposition will not be of a long continuance!

*Rousseau.* I feel in my breast something like sharp pins, which occasion violent pains—My dear—if I have ever given you any uneasiness and trouble, or exposed you, by our conjugal union, to misfortunes, which you would otherwise have avoided, I hope you will forgive me.

*Mrs. Rousseau.* Alas! my dear Friend, it is rather my duty to ask your pardon, for any uneasy moments you may have suffered on my account, or through my means.

*Rousseau.* Ah! my dear, how happy a thing is it to die, when one has no reason for remorse or self reproach!—"Eternal Being! the Soul that I am now going to give thee back, is as pure, at this moment, as it was when it proceeded from thee:—render it partaker of thy felicity!—My dear—I have found in the Marquis of Girardin and his Lady the marks of even parental tenderness and affection:—tell them that I revere their virtues, and that I thank them, with my dying breath, for all the proofs I have received of their goodness and friendship:—I desire that you may have my body opened immediately after my death, and that you will order an exact account to be drawn up of its various parts:—Tell Monsieur and Madame De Girardin, that I hope they will allow me to be buried in their gardens, in any part of them that they may think proper.

*Mrs. Rousseau.* How you afflict me—my dear Friend! I intreat you, by the tender attachment you have always professed for me, to take something.

*Rousseau.* I shall—since you desire it--Ah! I feel in my head a strange motion!--a blow which--I am tormented with pains--Being of Beings! God! (here he remained for a considerable time, with his eyes raised to Heaven)--My dear spouse! let me embrace you!--help me to walk a little.

Here his extreme weakness prevented his walking without help; and Mrs. Rousseau being unable to support him, he fell gently on the floor, where, after having remained for some time motionless, he sent forth a deep sigh, and expired.



## ON THE ITALIAN LADIES.

AMONG the Roman women love is what it inevitably must be in a climate and amid manners where it seldom or ever meets with obstacles to fortify it; prejudices to enhance its value; moral ideas to embellish it; restraints to keep it alive; or any of the various circumstances, in short, which, constantly with our manners, often render it a happiness, a triumph and a virtue.

Love, with the Roman women, is an amusement, a matter of business, or caprice, and but of short duration as a want; for they soon wear it out: their heart loves, the instant it arrives at maturity.

To talk of love should constitute one of its mysteries; but love here forms a common place topic of conversation, together with those of rain and fine weather, the arrival of a stranger, the promotions of the morning, and the processions of the evening.

It is talked of to daughters before their mothers; and mothers even talk of it before their daughters.

A mother says, without any ceremony, my daughter does not eat, she does not sleep, *she has a fit of love*; as if she was telling you she had got a fever.

Priests are seen dancing with young ladies; and it is not thought either scandalous or ridiculous; for here, sexes, dignities, and ages, are not discriminated and separated by any distinctive marks of dress, preeminence, or decorum. An old man, an officer, and a cardinal, will talk of love with a girl in a dark corner.

The language is as dissolute as the climate: the moment you are allowed to say some things to a woman, you may say every thing.

The girls employ their early youth in practising, under the eyes of their mothers, the lessons they have received from them, on the art of catching a husband; but, as the men are on their guard, they spread their nets twenty times before they prove successful once. They neglect nothing however to succeed, except it be to neglect nothing.

The most notorious gallantry does not affect their reputation; a woman here is as prudent as she is ugly; and as gallant as she is beautiful. What then? She is in love.

We look in vain, among the women, for that tenderness of heart which penetrates, satisfies, and enchants; that intimate and secret life, the mutual bliss of two lovers; that tenderness which forms a pleasure of pain, which delights in sacrifices, and increases by enjoyment; that moral love, in short, which, if it does not enchain or govern the physical passion, at least decorates and veils it.

Nor will you find here, those two delightful kinds of friendship between the sexes, the one of which succeeds to love, the other imitates it, and which both of them so closely resemble love, as to be often mistaken for it.

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### ON FRUGALITY.

**I**F thou desirest to be esteemed wise, have respect to *frugality*; and learn not to lavish thy fortune in a wild and undistinguishing profusion.

Give nothing carelessly away.

Whoso scattereth abroad, will find herself the loser; whoso throweth her substance away, shall lift up her hand empty in the day of necessity.

Profusion lasteth not for ever; the daughters of riot will become the children of poverty.

Who streweth her money in the streets is not generous; who giveth it away is as guilty of waste.

Hast thou enough? reserve it for thine own use. Hast thou too much? bestow it, but so that those who merit may not want bread.

Look not on what thou bestowest on the deserving, as the voluntary gift of thine hands, but as a debt thou owest, and art bound in justice to pay.

The meritorious are entitled to thy superfluities; if thou keepst it from them, thou committest little less than an act of injustice, and in effect hindereest thy neighbour of his right.

If thou givest it to the undeserving stranger, thou givest away as it were the property of another; it is no charity.

Sayest thou these things are mine, I may use them as I list:

Canst thou employ them to thy comfort, thy honour, or thy advantage? thou hast no superfluity; if otherwise, deem them not thine, but as put into thy hands for the use of others, and they will be required of thee.

Be frugal therefore in that which thou employest for the use of those who need, as in that which thou keepest for thyself.

Waste not what should be made the substance of the deserving poor, not wrong him of his inheritance in thy charity.

His merit is as right and as just as thy immediate possession.

Whoso hath riches that are a burden to herself, she is not frugal.

Doth she waste them by hoarding in secret? doth she cast them away in rioting and profusion? she cheateth herself, and abuseth her trust; for the miser and the prodigal defraud both the world and themselves

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## THE Gleaner. No. XV.

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Where'er the maiden, *Industry*, appears,  
 A thrifty contour every object wears ;  
 And if fair *Order* with the nymph combines,  
 By its blest magick every plan designs,  
 Then *Independence* takes its peerless seat,  
 And lo, the matchless trio is complete.

I HAVE sometimes been induced to think, after a serious attempt to investigate the causes, which have operated in the production of so many needy dependants, of both sexes, upon the bounty of, or civil requisitions made upon, the more successful, systematick, or industrious members of the community ; that the origin of this prevalent evil, may generally, with a very few exceptions, be traced to that luxuriant source of folly, an unwarrantable, and irrational kind of pride, or false notions of gentility. Parents, in a certain line, either educate their sons with a view to one of the three learned professions, to a pursuit of the fine arts, or apprenticing them to the merchant, or sea faring adventurer, conceiving they have placed them in the road, which will most probably terminate in crowning them with opulence, and respectability. It is undoubtedly for the interest of society, that a considerable proportion of our young people should be thus appropriated ; but when it becomes evident that any particular department is overstocked, a wise father ought certainly to turn his attention to those branches of business, which by being less occupied, give the youthful candidate a fairer chance of possessing himself of that competency, which is so necessary to the supporting *real dignity* of character. But gentlemen who constitute the particular grade to which I advert, look with disdain upon every handicraft occupation ; the whole routine of arts, mechanicks, or, in other words, useful employments, they regard with sovereign contempt, and they would esteem their sons degraded beyond redemption, if they designated them by any one of those callings, which have been appellated servile. I will just hazard a question, relative to the propriety of the conjugation, which places *servile* as the adjective of mechanick. Doth not that man bid the fairest for *genuine independence*, who possesses in himself the means, whenever he chootes to call his industrious application into action, of supplying himself *even from the wants of others*, with the necessaries of life ? And if so, is not the above mentioned *attempt at approximation* extremely heterogeneous ? Prejudices so absurd, are particularly ludicrous, in a government, the genius of which is to cultivate as great a degree of equality, as will consist with the requisite order and well being of the Commonwealth ; and yet, strange to tell, perhaps there is no part of the world, where these unnatural distinctions, so humiliating to the mechanick, and so elevating to the *suppositious* gentleman, are so prevalent, or exist more forcibly, than in some of these American States ; and

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however



however obvious it may be, that the predominating bent, or predilection, with which nature may have endowed the boy, ought to claim some share in the determination; it is nevertheless irrevocably decreed, *master* must be prepared to fill a *gentleman like sphere*, and though it is very possible that not a shilling of property may be reserved for his commencing the career of business; yet, however *below a mediocrity* his talents confessedly are, his education must be conformed to the prospects which are formed of his future destination, to the ideas which his parents have entertained of *family dignity, genteel life, &c. &c.* During the hours of childhood, by arrangements the most ill judged, an undue exaltation is cherished; by degrees he becomes habituated to consider himself as superiour to various classes of his fellow men; his adolescence is passed in frivolous pursuits, and if his maturity is supine, indolent, or destitute of enterprize; if he wants genius, which is a gem as rare as estimable, or even if he is unsuccessful, or unfortunate; (and who does not know that merit cannot always command its wishes) he is of necessity thrown a useless burthen upon the publick. I said that the probability was, that these unjustifiable prejudices, were more particularly the growth of the American world, than of any other soil; and I have hazarded this conjecture, from the comparison which I have been led to make, between a variety of *facts* that have passed under my own observation and the records of other nations. "A Printer," said a young spruce coxcomb, who possibly might have had the honour to stand behind a counter, and who was fortunately jumbled into the stage coach with Mr. Bache, as it performed its tour of duty through a part of Pennsylvania, "A Printer!" and drawing himself up into a corner of the vehicle, with a supercilious air, he maintained an obstinate silence, during the remainder of a journey, which, having, previous to his learning the occupation of young Bache, conceived from his appearance a high idea of his importance, he had commenced with *insignificant volubility*; but he was ignorant that he with whom he journeyed, was the lineal descendant of the immortal Franklin; otherwise, it may fairly be inferred, that the eclat of his birth, might in the opinion of this superficial Billy Varnish, have atoned for the mechanical complexion of his profession.

A quondam acquaintance of mine, who is a merchant, not extremely remarkable for the moderation of his desires to accumulate gain, was some months since on the verge of suffering very considerably, from the undue influence of this very prejudice. He had appointed an intelligent young man to the command of a ship of his, during a long, and pretty intricate voyage. It happened in the course of the navigation which the Capt. was directed to pursue, that he found himself necessitated to put into a port in England at a distance from the metropolis. A variety of circumstances contributed, to produce in the affairs which were entrusted to his care, a very embarrassing, and disagreeable event. He was compelled to depart full speed for London, while his ship continued at anchor in Liverpool. An honest gentleman, with whom he had commenced an intimacy upon the  
Albion



Albion coast, gave him a letter to a trunk maker in the capital, who he informed him, was capable of doing him great service. *A trunkmaker; how in the name of common sense should a trunkmaker be instrumental in effectuating any important purpose.* A decision upon the Captain's business remained with the high court of admiralty; *could a trunkmaker influence the determinations of that august body?* The supposition was ridiculous; it could never obtain the smallest degree of attention *in the serious cogitations of an American.* The Captain proceeded systematically; he applied to a certain commercial gentleman, well known in America, and whose extensive exports to this new world supply many of our capital dealers, with large quantities of European commodities; by this respectable auxiliary he was introduced to the American consul, resident in Great Britain, and the most favourable representation that truth could authorise, was made. The consul, however, received him rather roughly. Fatigued perhaps by a multiplicity of applications, he seemed not disposed to interpose his good offices, in order to promote an accommodation of the difficulty; he insisted much upon the ill conduct of American seamen, and observed that if they perished in thus carelessly involving themselves in ambiguities, and in flying in the face of those adjustments, which had been legally made; they must extricate themselves as they could, or be contented to submit to the consequences; and he absolutely declined addressing himself to the lords of the admiralty, or the adopting of any conciliatory measure, except the Captain returned to Liverpool, and brought with him certain evidence, or evidences, which he insisted would be the only proper vouchers of his integrity. It was in vain that our young adventurer remonstrated, that he represented the amazing increase of expense which such a journey, and the detention of the ship, would accumulate to his employer; it was to no purpose that he suggested the possibility, that such an enormous expenditure, might issue in his own ruin. The consul continued unyieldingly obstinate, and the situation of the Captain was truly distressing! The merchant, to whom he returned to relate the ill success of his application, had exhausted the utmost of his influence, in presenting him to the consul; he was not particularly known to the officers of the admiralty, and he declined any further interference in the business. It was in this moment of cruel anxiety, that the *trunkmaker* occurred to our sea commander; yet the idea was the drowning man catching at a straw; but having got, however, into the narrowest and most dangerous straits, it might be necessary that he should fly his oars, if a full sail would not avail him; he could at least deliver his letter, and in a state of vexation, almost bordering upon despair, he presented himself at the door of the trunkmaker, which opened, only not spontaneously, and he found himself in a shop of a spacious, and thrifty appearance; it was furnished with a prodigious number of trunks, of various sizes, and different degrees of elegance, and every arrangement proclaimed the *industrious, and ingenious mechanic*; all this looked very well in its place; but all this, said our agitated young man, is nothing to the purpose. The master workman soon made his appearance, and he regarded the stranger with intelligent civility.

The

The letter of introduction was produced, which being perused, the trunkmaker with an air of *true old English hospitality*, shook the son of Neptune by the hand. Walk in, Sir, walk in; you have got a little disagreeably entangled, and I suppose your feelings are all up in arms. To a young man, undisciplined in the school of misfortune, the first onsets of disappointment are truly painful; but the vicissitudes of life are as well calculated to furnish a *rational being with hope as with fear, and light as surely succeeds the darkness, as the darkness the light*. Probably you may be at a loss to conceive in what manner my assistance can be of use to you, and as I am at present a little engaged, if you will throw your eye over them loose papers, they may help you to a clue, which may unravel the mystery. The Capt. it will not be doubted, eagerly availed himself of this permission, and so regular was the disposition of the different essays, which this uncommon counting house displayed, that a cursory glance was sufficient to evince the literary abilities of the author; his consequence to certain persons high in office was extremely obvious, and it was apparent that his merit, rendering him necessary to the *great*, had procured him free access to their private ear, and a considerable degree of influence over their determinations. In two days our Capt. received an invitation, to dine in a family way with the trunkmaker; and his reception at his patron's was marked with a benignant smile, which indicated a happy termination of his difficulties. *The trunkmaker had conversed with the lords in office, he had made the necessary representations, and he had obtained explicit and indisputable credentials for his client, who having gratefully partook of a plain, substantial dinner, received with transport his legal permit, and returning to Liverpool, with a heart gladdened by the joys of emancipation, immediately re embarked, proceeding with all expedition to prosecute his voyage.*

Was I the father of a family, the trunkmaker should be my model; it would be my wish to furnish the opening reason of my children, with every help which might be necessary to produce them with advantage in the career of knowledge; I would aid them to figure in the most polished circles, I would stimulate them to every laudibly splendid pursuit, the avenues of literature should be thrown open before them, and they should receive as much information as it was in my power to procure for them; but as, with all my gifts, I should be anxious to endow them with the means of obtaining as great a share of independence as might consist with humanity, I would certainly aim at investing them with some useful qualification, which might serve them in the *last necessity*, as a fund upon which they might draw sufficient to command the necessaries of life. But if the male part of our American world are, in the morning of their lives, too much neglected in this respect, females have abundantly more reason to complain. Our girls, in general, are bred up with one particular view, with one monopolizing consideration, which seems to absorb every other plan that reason might point out as worthy their attention; an establishment by marriage; this is the goal to which they are constantly pointed, the great ultimatum of every arrangement; *an old maid*, they are from infancy taught,

at least indirectly, to consider as a contemptible being, and they have no other means of advancing themselves but in the matrimonial line. Perhaps this is one of the sources, from which originates the infelicities, too often witnessed, in wedded life; the young creature, ardent in the pursuit, is sedulously employed in displaying all her pretty accomplishments; fearful that if she refuses the present offer, no future suppliant may advance his suit; she throws herself away upon the first pretender, though, possibly, he may be very ill calculated to embark with her upon the voyage of life. Well, but she hath gained her point, and the pursuit over, any further efforts, would be useless; every attempt to please is given up, and the consequences which must follow, are too obvious to need the pen of an observer to point them out. I would give my daughters every accomplishment which I thought proper, and to crown all, I would early accustom them to habits of industry, and order; they should be taught with precision the art economical, they should be enabled to procure for themselves the necessaries of life, independence should be placed within their grasp, and I would teach them "to reverence themselves." Marriage should not be represented as their *sumum bonum*, or as a certain, or even necessary event; they should learn to respect a single life, and even to regard it as the *most eligible*, except a very warm, mutual, and judicious attachment, had gained the ascendancy in the bosom.—If they were thus qualified to administer by their *own efforts, to their own wants*, the probability is, that impressions of this nature, would not seldom prevent precipitation, and call into exercise that deliberation which ought upon all occasions, to be the concomitant of every important step. Girls, by the avidity, and *marked design of their operations, not seldom defeat their own purposes*. I would have the fair minds of young women occupied by schemes of enjoyment, and by modes of living, which depending, principally, upon themselves, and their *natural connexions*, would involve a greater probability of fruition. Surely the situation of that young creature must be very pleasing, who by her sweetness of disposition, engaging manners, and many accomplishments, hath endeared herself to the circles, in which she moves. Why should contingent events be held up to her view, or made an absolute part of her expectations? and if her hours are passed in endeavouring to augment her little income, whatever it may be, or in cultivating the means which may render her as an individual, superiour to the caprices of those about her, she will certainly be less likely to look out of herself for happiness. I am fond of illustrating my sentiments by examples; and in this line I produce the subsequent little narrative.

When I was a young man, I had a friend, to whom I was particularly attached; we had lived from our boyish years in habits of intimacy, and I was of course an interested observer of all his movements; the character of his family was distinguished by the marked integrity, of even the minutest transaction of its individuals; my friend was the youngest born, and every branch, except himself, and his eldest sister, were established in little families of their own. They were industrious and frugal, realizing, in consequence



consequence of their own exertions, an income which enabled them to live in a genteel style, and as they were of that grade, which is termed *well born*, their right to mingle in the politest circles was indisputable. Thus living, within compals, they were easy in their circumstances, they were affectionate to each other, and always ready to relieve to the utmost of their abilities, the necessitous of every description. My friend at length, after making frequent visits to New York, presented them with a daughter, and a sister, who though both a beautiful, and an amiable woman, had nevertheless received from education, different ideas of life; gay, unthinking, and profuse by nature, she had never been accustomed to set bounds to her inclinations; and though she truly loved her husband, she was constantly involving him in difficulties, in order to support a mode of living, to which his finances were inadequate, and which, however, the reciprocity of his attachment, induced him to exert every nerve to maintain. All his connexions saw with pain that his ruin, by hasty strides, was approaching; but the subject was delicate, and it was supposed that an interference would be ineffectual. A period of seventeen years was marked by dress, equipage, and entertainments, while even the *idea of economy*, never once molested the cogitations of the fair Amanda. At the expiration of this term, that ill directed female was seized with the small pox, of which she soon became the victim, and her unfortunate companion, who was before sinking under the united pressure of broken health, and spirits, which were doubtless produced by a certainty of the rapid approach of those calamities which his good sense could not but acknowledge as the procurement of folly, was in the course of a few succeeding weeks, inhumed in the same vault, with the loved object who had cost him so dear.—Two beautiful females were the issue of this ill fated marriage—they were not however destitute, for though the effects of the deceased Henry, would not give his creditors ten shillings in the pound, yet the rites of funeral, which were due to the hapless pair, being decently performed, and the hallowed earth which incircled their cold remains, embalmed by a filial tear, these lovely Orphans were immediately sheltered in the bosom of their friends—Miss Helen, then just fifteen years old, accompanied the sister of Amanda to her abode in the city of New York, and Miss Penelope, who had nearly rounded her fourteenth year, continued with the relations of Henry—By way of exemplifying, the force of example, and the different characters, which the two young ladies, from that period assumed, I select, from a correspondence which continued, during their separation, unbroken, the subjoined letters.

*Miss HELEN AIBY to Miss PENELOPE.*

NEW YORK, MAY 31.

I DECLARE my dear Pen, I am utterly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of your last letter; and indeed, if I made up my judgment by your general style of writing, I should certainly conclude that you had passed your grand climacterick—but the preachments contained in your last, are absolutely intolerable—Let me see; I want at this present writing one month of nine-

teen,



teen, and, if I mistake not, unless she hath very unceremoniously, and even *irregularly*, taken a miraculous leap over my head, my dear, good, sober sister Pen. will not have reached the very grave age of eighteen, until two tardy months have fully measured their slow paced round! I vow I would relinquish the pleasures of the next ball night, just to take a peep at your sweet face, were it only to count the wrinkles which I presume your deep thinking must have implanted there! But to be serious, for once I will endeavour to meet my lovely *Monitress*—and dearly do I love my Penelope, notwithstanding the air of superiority, and style of reprehension, which her letters assume. Upon her own ground, and, by way of responding in the most explicit manner to her catechising epistle, I will take a slight glance at the years which have elapsed since our separation. Upon my arrival in this city, the pressure upon my spirits, which I have already recounted to you, and which was occasioned by the lamented death of our parents, by my removal from my native place, and from a sister whom I held dearer than any thing else which this world contained, was almost insupportable—However, the efforts of my kind Aunt, with the united good offices of my numerous relations, and friends, by degrees restored me to tranquillity, and as I have naturally a great deal of vivacity, my wonted gaiety did not long stand aloof—Since that period, what hath taken place since that period? Positively I am a mortal enemy to reflection, and my Cousin Caroline declares a young lady hath no business with it—so my dear Pen. you must even receive, as the sum total of visiting, cards, balls and plays, that fascinating comprehensive little word, *pleasure*—and this very *pleasurable mode of enjoying life*, you forsooth, presume to christen by the odious term *dissipation*, and my poor superannuated Grandmother, and my good old Aunt Dorothy, are alarmed at the *dissipated* life which I lead; and because truly, I have no fortune, I am to make a mope of myself altogether. I remember this Aunt Dorothy of ours, never visited my Mother but she left her in a fit of the vapours—yet if she had intended us for the humble dependants of some wealthy fool she should have forbid our receiving such instructions as were calculated to unfit us for so servile a destination, though it is well known that the good old soul was always fond of our receiving every accomplishment—for my part, though perhaps I may lay in bed until ten in the morning, and though I am not so egregious an ignoramus as to be governed by any of your stupid rules, and plodding regulations, yet I can make shift, when I am up, to work a sprig upon my muslin, to chant to the sound of my piano forte, upon which, by the way, I am much improved, to put on the head dress which I have received from my milliner with elegance, to figure in any polite assembly, or if, by way of variety, I should choose to pass an hour in my own dressing room, I have always the prettiest sentimental novels imaginable at hand to amuse me—Now these qualifications my dear Aunt M——, who hath been as the tenderest Mother to me, declares are quite sufficient for a person in my line of life; and for calculations of every kind, and all peeps into futurity, as I pretend not to the least skill in astrology, I leave all these occult matters to the wise penetration of my sister Pen—One thing, however,

ever, my dear, that you may not be unnecessarily concerned for your giddy Sister Helen, I will just whisper you—I can, whenever I think proper, procure myself the most genteel establishment. Many sighing swains are in my train, they do full justice, both by words and actions, to my charms, and though they have not yet *ventured an explicit declaration*; they wait but my *imperial nod to submit themselves implicitly to my decisive election*. In the meantime any little articles of which I stand in need, are liberally supplied by the ready generosity of my friends, and I really experience much complacency in my situation, except, you will excuse me my dear, when I am broken in upon, by your wise lectures; and after all, my dear Girl, though you rise early, live systematically, and are as grave as the sanctified wife of a sober country parson, yet I do not see that your prospects are in any sort better than mine, and I think the only advantage which you seem to have acquired over me, is the privilege of documenting your eldest sister, whenever your economical disposition of your time will permit you to spare an hour—Say Pen. is not this true? have you any matrimonial scheme in your little head? if you have, do in the name of laughter let us have it! O how delighted I should be to see my dear, sage sister, soberly pacing to church with one of the still life methodical Enamorato's by whom she is surrounded; but I rather think, and if she will indulge me so far, I will say, hope, that she will have judgment sufficient to spare my visibles this trial. Now I talk of judgment, and am impelled by your remonstrances to a kind of retrospect, I recollect but one *capital transaction*, in which my judgment hath ever been called into action; you remember upon the day of my departure from H——, that our Uncle Horatio, one hour before I took my leave, presented me with a hundred pounds, advising me to consult my Uncle and Aunt M——, in the disposal thereof; but my indulgent benefactors thinking it right that I should have the sole and absolute direction of this sum, I locked it up safe in my dressing box, until it was proper for me to appear in colours, when I expended it in purchasing as complete, and as elegant a suit of clothes, if not as rich with bland lace, and every other appendage, as New York can produce—There my Girl, as I know that my Uncle Horatio presented you with a like sum, let us know if yours was more advantageously disposed of—In short, dear Pen. I doubt not but I shall make out very well, we shall continue to exhibit the prettiest contrast in the world—I with my Caro Sposo, for married I intended to be, figuring in the politest circles, and you soberly sitting at home, darning your husband's stockings, or combing your children's heads! Yet however we may continue antipodes in every thing else. I trust that we shall meet in the centre of mutual affection; at least I know, that in all events, I shall still continue your truly attached sister.

HELEN AIRY.

N. B. Remember me as you think proper to my Grandmother, Uncles, Aunts and Cousins.

Miss PENELOPE to Miss HELEN AIRY.

TOWN of H—— JUNE 15.

I THANK you, very sincerely, my dear Helen, for every tender expression which your letter contains. It is in vain that you would assay to smother

the feelings of your sisterly heart ; the fire of natural affection diffuses through your lovely bosom, its genial heat. In your last half angry letter, it breaks forth in a variety of places, and I am soothed by the concluding assurance, that you will still continue my tenderly attached sister. I do assure you my dear, that I have learned to respect the superiour rights, with which some months eldership have invested you ; and if I have been betrayed into any undue warmth, I am positive that your never questioned generosity, will forgive me, when you consider that the fervour of my remonstrances, have proceeded entirely from my solicitude, respecting my beloved Helen.—Perhaps, in my responses, I may again be so unhappy as to offend ; but pleasingly confident of the advocate which I retain in your breast, penning my remarks with all the frankness of sincerity, I shall rely wholly upon your invoked candour, to award my pardon. No, my facetious sister, deep thinking hath not yet furrowed my cheek ; and had I no other view than the preservation of the smooth polish of my complexion, it would be incumbent upon me, to realize such a mental fund, as would enable me to encounter with due equanimity the ills of life, thereby avoiding that hurricane of the passions, which not only levels intellectual tranquillity in its progress, but makes also dreadful ravages in the beauty of the finest face. I pass over, without a comment, your account, with its sum total, of your manner of passing your time ; but I cannot forbear expressing the keen regrets which I experienced, when my honoured Grandmamma, reaching forth her hand for the letter, which had been announced from the child of her affection ; from that child, for which her revered bosom hourly heaves the tender and apprehensive sigh ; my feelings, I say, were perfectly agonized, when I found myself necessitated to deny her a gratification which she had fondly anticipated ; but when I beheld the venerable Matron, matured by wisdom, and dignified by a length of years, every hour of which had been marked by propriety, and elevated by a uniform pursuit of virtue, when I was daily receiving proofs that her strong mind, superiour to the decays of nature, was still augmenting its acquirements, was still more invigorated by observation, could I so far outrage her tenderness, or violate that deference which was due to her experience, as to put a letter, in which she was so unworthily mentioned, into her possession ? Neither to my Aunt Dorothy could I be more communicative—alas ! alas ! But I will only say, that in the *name of sacred duty I conjure you*, no more to pen a line which I cannot read for persons, who are at least intitled to your inviolable respect. Our Aunt Dorothy, my dear, wishes not to see us dependant upon any one ; she is anxious to inspire our bosoms with the *noble ardour of independence*, and to this end she is solicitous that we should cultivate, to their utmost extent, the talents which we possess. The supplies which you receive from our York friends, are truly generous ; but can you not conceive a *superiour pleasure*, in being able to *administer to your own wants* ? And do you not remember, that agreeably to the course of nature the probability is, that those nearest to you in consanguinity, will be removed ; and will you be content to remain the dependant upon the caprice, or even bounty, of more distant relations ?



lations? You seem to question if the arrangements which I have been directed to make, are more promising. I proceed my dear, to sketch them for you, and you may then be able to form a more accurate judgment, relative to the comparative eligibility of our prospects. To begin with the hundred pound, of which you require an account. It was agreeably to the direction of my Aunt Dorothy, the very next day after its receipt, put into the hands of a substantial friend, who accounts with me for it, upon legal compound interest; if it had been a *less sum*, I should have disposed of it precisely in the same manner, nor have I ever yet availed myself of the profits of a single penny arising therefrom. I will confess to you, that having observed the general approbation by which my Aunt Dorothy was distinguished, I have regarded her as my model. My time, since our melancholy separation, hath been divided among my numerous friends, and they are so indulgent as to consider my visits, rather as a pleasing circumstance. But though they are in general possessed of the means of living genteelly, yet I know that they are in the practice of economy. I do not choose to lessen the patrimony of my cousins, and if I consent to receive any pecuniary mark of their favour, it must be *some trifle*, which I accept as a *memento of their affection*. One month's perseverance, enabled me to rise each morning, mechanically with the sun, and this habit, now constitutes one of the pleasures of my life, nor would I relinquish it, was I empress of the globe. I do not neglect to pursue those studies, with which my dear and tender parents had been careful to furnish me with the rudiments; neither my reading, musick, drawing, or geography, are forgotten; they make a part of the employments of every day, they serve to improve and to polish my mind, and when I have made sufficient progress therein, they will open to me, should there be occasion, new sources of emolument, as well as pleasure. With regard to my apparel, the handsome dividend of that, which was the property of my beloved mother, and which fell to my share, is to me an ample supply of almost every article. You will perhaps be surprised, when I tell you that I do not wear wrought muslin; it is true that much of my time is devoted to the prosecution of this fashionable and elegant employ; but my younger cousins are ornamented by the product of my industry, while I receive, for every hour of needle work, not necessarily appropriated to myself, a liberal compensation; and, from sums thus accumulated, I not only command the articles of which I am in want, I have not only made handsome additions to my original fund, but I always have in reserve, little sums, which I consecrate to the relief of the necessitous; and, believe me my dear Helen, that when I am arrayed in my decent plain muslin, or milk white muslinet, fitted close to my little waist, I feel an innate consciousness of much greater propriety of character, *the mediocrity of my circumstances, considered*, than if I was arrayed in flowing robes of the finest texture, which ever issued from the loom, in the most variegated tissue, which art hath ever yet invented. It is really surprising, how much *order and industry* will accomplish, and my retrospect is truly pleasing, when I reflect upon the different pieces of needle work, which I have, in  
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the course of a few years, so advantageously completed. Yet my application is not unremitted, and I visit, as often as is necessary, though I must confess, that upon such occasions, my fingers are generally employed. I sometimes mingle in a ball room, dancing is an amusement, of which I am peculiarly fond, and I have *literally murdered* some evenings at cards. An opportunity of seeing a good play, as they are with us so unfrequent, I have not to charge myself with ever missing; and I am careful to take as much exercise, as will conduce to my health. Stimulated by my Aunt, in every action, independence hath been my ardent pursuit, and I am solicitous to realize sufficient, should I be overtaken by ill health, to prevent my devolving as a burthen upon others. It is the wish of my Aunt, as she hath no immediate descendants of her own, to dedicate her little fortune, upon her demise, to charitable uses, and as she cannot conscientiously gratify this her favourite plan, if she leaves behind her any needy relation, she is the more ardent that her family should, individually, possess the means of obtaining for themselves, an honourable support. God forbid, that ever my dear Helen, or myself, should, however remotely, curtail the moiety, which may be employed for the salutary purpose, of wiping the tear from the cheek of indigence. With regard to my matrimonial expectations, upon which you are so ludicrously playful, I have to say, that the idea of marriage makes no part of my *present* plans; this, my dear, is a *calculation at which you seem to be abundantly more expert than myself*; it is a contingency which being within the chapter of possibilities, may, or may not happen; if it should, my arrangements must in some respects be different; if it should not, I am contented; at any rate, I esteem it an error, to reckon upon an event, which is at best but uncertain. I am ignorant, if I have ever yet been regarded with particular attention by the other sex; no one hath *professed himself a candidate for my election*; and *however assiduous any gentleman might be, I should not deem myself authorized to set him down as a lover, except his declarations were of a nature the most explicit*. To say truth, I am not over solicitous upon this head, having before me such an example as my Aunt Dorothy, I know that respectability, usefulness, tranquillity, independence, social enjoyments, and holy friendship, are to be found in a single life, and I am induced, rationally to conclude, that if minds are not congenial, if they are not discreetly, mutually, and permanently attached, a state of celibacy is by far the most eligible. But, having, by my circumstantial replies, dimpled the blooming cheek of my charming Helen, perhaps by a smile of pity; I only add, the warm and tender salutations of her sincerely affectionate

PENELOPE AIRY.

N. B. Please to present my grateful respects to our York connexions, particularly to our Uncle and Aunt M——.

Miss Helen put up her pretty lip; her sister's letter was unanswerable, but she was unconvinced, or at least uninfluenced, and they both progressed on, in the different paths in which example had produced them. The virtues of Penelope were soon distinguished by an amiable man, who was indeed her congenial soul; his fortune was moderate, and his prospects were

were good: A happy hymen was the consequence, and they continue as amiable a couple, as ever exchanged the matrimonial vow. The dissipated manners of Helen, her fondness for dress, and show, with the extravagant sentiments which she at all times avowed, deterred the sensible part of the male world, from cherishing an idea of a serious connexion, with a young person whom they conceived it impossible to domesticate. Her Uncle and Aunt are no more; and their prodigality expended even the patrimony of their children; a similar mode of living hath circumscribed the career of all her boasted maternal connexions. And Miss Helen, now rapidly approaching the decline of life, hath become a fixed appendage to the family of her sister; *a dependant upon the liberality of those, whom she regarded with sensations bordering upon contempt.* But their fine qualities will doubtless render that dependence as silken as possible.

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### Natural History.

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#### REMARKS ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

**T**HAT animal which is called the grasshopper with us differs greatly from the cicada of antiquity; for, as our insect is active enough in hopping through the long grass, from whence it has taken its name, the cicada had not this power, but either walked or flew. The little hissing note also of our grasshopper is very different from the song of the cicada, which was louder and far more musical. The manner in which this note is produced by the two animals is very different; for the cicada makes it by a kind of buckler, which the male has beneath its belly; the grasshopper by a transparent membrane that covers an hole at the base of its wings. There is still a greater variety in all these with regard to shape and colour. Some are green, some black, some livid, and some variegated; but many of them do not shew all their colours till they fly. Some have long legs, some short; some with more joints, others with fewer. Some sing, others are mute; some are innocent, doing no damage to the husbandman; while others do such prodigious mischief, that they are looked upon in some countries, as one of the terrible scourges of the incensed Divinity.

Of this variegated tribe the little grasshopper, that breeds in such plenty in every meadow, and continues its chirping through the

the summer, is best known to us ; and by having its history we shall be possessed of that of all the rest. This animal is of the colour of green leaves, except a line of brown which streaks the back, and two pale lines under the belly and behind the legs. It may be divided into the head, the corslet, and the belly. The head is oblong, regarding the earth, and bearing some resemblance to that of a horse. Its mouth is covered by a kind of round buckler jutting over it, and armed with teeth of a brown colour, hooked at the points. Within the mouth, is perceivable a large reddish tongue, and fixed to the lower jaw. The feelers or horns are very long, tapering off to a point ; and the eyes are like two black specks, a little prominent. The corslet is elevated, narrow, armed above and below by two serrated spines. The back is armed with a strong buckler, to which the muscles of the legs are firmly bound, and round these muscles are seen the vessels, by which the animal breathes, as white as snow. The last pair of legs are much longer and stronger than the first two pair, fortified by thick muscles, and very well formed for leaping. It has four wings ; the anterior ones springing from the second pair of legs, the posterior from the third pair. The hinder wings are much finer and more expansive than the foremost, and are the principal instruments of its flight. The belly is considerably larger, composed of eight rings, and terminated by a forked tail, covered with down, like the tail of a rat. When examined internally, besides the gullet, we discover a small stomach, and behind that a very large one, wrinkled and furrowed within side ; lower down there is still a third ; so that it is not without reason that all the animals of this order are said to chew the cud, as they so much resemble ruminant animals in their internal conformation.

A short time after the grasshopper assumes its wings, it fills the meadow with its note, which like that among birds, is a call to courtship. The male only of this tribe is vocal ; and, upon examining at the base of the wings, there will be found a little hole in its body, covered with a fine transparent membrane. This is thought, by Linnæus, to be the instrument it employs in singing ; but others are of opinion the sound is produced by rubbing its hinder legs against each other : However this be, the note of one male is seldom heard but it is returned by another ; and the two little ani after a mutual insults of this kind, are seen to meet



meet and fight desperately. The female is generally the reward of victory ; for, after the combat, the male seizes her with his teeth behind the neck, and thus keeps her for several hours, till the business of fecundation is performed. Towards the latter end of autumn the female prepares to deposit her burthen ; and her body is then seen greatly distended with her eggs, which she carries to the number of an hundred and fifty. In order to make a proper lodgment in the earth for them, nature has furnished her with an instrument at her tail, somewhat resembling a two edged sword, which she can sheathe and unsheathe at pleasure : With this she pierces the earth, as deep as she is able ; and into the hole she deposits her eggs, one after the other.

Having thus provided for the continuation of her posterity, the animal herself does not long survive ; but, as the winter approaches, she dries up, seems to feel the effects of age, and dies from a total decay. Some, however assert that she is killed by the cold ; and others that she is eaten by worms ; but certain it is, that neither the male nor female are ever seen to survive the winter.



#### ACCOUNT OF HATTERAS SHOALS.

AT the time of sir Walter Raleigh's approaching the American shores, the shoals in the vicinity of Hatteras were found to be extremely dangerous, and no vessels, in that latitude, ventured within seven leagues of the land. From a survey of the ancient drafts of this part of the coast, there can be no doubt, but the fears of former navigators were not without foundation, as these shoals are laid down very large in extent, and in many places covered not with more than five or six feet water, at a great distance from the land.

The constant experience of the coasting trade of the united states demonstrates, either that the ancient drafts were purposely falsified, in order to deter seamen from venturing too near a coast with which they had as yet a very slender acquaintance ; or (which is the most probable) that by the strong currents hereabouts, which are only counter currents of the Gulph Stream, the sands, which were originally heaped up in this part of the ocean, by some ancient convulsion of nature, have been gradually wearing away and diminishing to what we find them to be at this time.

At

At present, the out shoals, which lie about fourteen miles south east of the Cape, are but of five or six acres extent, and, where they are really dangerous to vessels of moderate draught, not more than half that number of acres. On the shoalest part of these is, at low water, about ten feet, and here at times the ocean breaks in a tremendous, manner spouting, as it were, to the clouds, from the violent agitations of the gulph, which touches the eastern edge of these banks, from whence the declivity is sudden, that is to say, from ten fathoms to no soundings. On the spot above mentioned, which is firm sand, it has been the hard lot of many a good vessel to strike, in a gale of wind, and go to pieces. In moderate weather, however, these shoals may be passed over, if necessary, at full tide, without much danger, by vessels not drawing more than eight, nine, or ten feet of water.

From this bank, which was formerly of vast extent, and called the *full moon shoal*, a ridge runs the whole distance to the Cape about a N. W. course: This ridge, which is about half a mile, wide, has on it at low tide generally 10, 11 or 12 feet water, with gaps at unequal intervals, affording good channels, of about 15 or 16 feet. The most noted of these channels, and most used by coasting vessels, is about one mile and an half from the land, and may easily be known by a range of breakers which are *always* seen on the west side, and a breaker head or two on the eastern side, which however are not so constant, only appearing when the sea is considerably agitated. This channel is at least two and an half miles wide, and might at full sea be safely passed by large ships. These, however, rarely attempt it. The common tides swell above six feet, and always come from the south east.—A little north of the Cape is good anchorage in four or five fathoms, and, with the wind to the westward, a boat may land in safety, and even bring off casks of fresh water, plenty of which is to be found every where on the beach, by digging a foot or two, and putting a barrel into the sand.

SOME

# Travels.

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## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE KINGDOM OF PEGU.

BY WILLIAM HUNTER, A. M.

THIS country was formerly subject to an independent prince of its own ; but about forty years ago a revolution took place, by which it was reduced to be a province of the kingdom of Ava, and has since been governed by deputies sent from thence, who may be removed at the pleasure of their sovereign. The whole country is low and flat, and the land can only be seen at a small distance from sea. The water is so shallow, even a great way off from the coast, that navigators get into three or four fathoms before they are within sight of the shore. The country, however, is far from being unhealthy. The natives are seldom attacked by diseases ; and Europeans, who have lived there for many years, enjoy uninterrupted good health. Even during the rains, which all over India occasion the most disagreeable and sickly period of the year, the air of Pegu is temperate, and has an elasticity unknown at the corresponding season in any other part of India.

The inhabitants, are of a muscular make ; their stature is about the middle size, and their limbs, in general, well proportioned. The complexion is swarthy, being a medium between that of the Chinese and of the inhabitants of Bengal. In feature they resemble the Malays ; their face is broad, their eyes large and black, the nose flat, the cheekbones prominent, and the mouth extremely wide. They wear on the chin a tuft of hair, of unequal lengths ; and shave the rest of the face. Their teeth are always of a jet black, which, however disgusting it may be to an European eye, is among them, esteemed a great ornament ; and accordingly they are at very great pains to accomplish it.

They wear various ornaments in their ears, many of them in common with other eastern nations ; but one that appears to be peculiar to this people is a thin plate of gold, rolled up in the form of a quill, about the thickness of a finger, which is thrust into a hole made in the usual part of the ear, large enough to receive it. The foregoing description is chiefly applicable to the Birmahs ; that is, the natives of Ava, or their descendants, who are now very numerous here, as the government is entirely in their



their hands. The original inhabitants of Pegu have faces more nearly approaching to the oval form ; their features are softer, more regular, and seem to express greater sense and acuteness than those of the Birmahs, with whom, in other respects, they nearly agree. The Birmahs, however, who pique themselves on being descended from the conquerors, and wish to be distinguished for the nation they subdued, use a badge for that purpose, which we must conclude they value very highly, from the sufferings they undergo to obtain it. The thigh of every Birmah, including the hip and knee, is of a jet black, which has a very singular appearance ; and this mark they receive in their childhood. It is made by the repeated application of an instrument with a great number of sharp points, placed close together, something like that used in carding wool, till the part is entirely covered with drops of blood. After this they apply a liquid, of which galls is a principal ingredient. This excites a considerable degree of fever ; and it is computed, by the natives themselves, that about two children out of five perish in consequence of the operation. Some persons of a higher rank have, instead of this, their thighs covered with the representations of tigers, and other wild beasts, imprinted by a process similar to the former.

The men have long black hair, tied on the top of the head, over which some wear a white handkerchief, in form of a turban ; others go with their heads bare, and decorated with flowers. They wear about their loins a piece of party coloured silk, or cotton cloth, which is afterwards passed over the shoulder, and goes round the body. Those of higher rank have this cloth so long as to hang down over their thighs and legs ; which, among the lower classes of people, are bare. The women have a kind of short jacket to cover the upper part of their bodies ; and the remainder of their dress is a piece of cloth, which is fastened round the loins, and hangs down to the ancles. This is doubled over a few inches at the fore part, where it is open, so that the thigh is discovered in walking, through its whole length. This mode of dress, they tell us, was first introduced by a certain queen of Ava, who did it with the view of reclaiming the hearts of the men from an unnatural and detestable passion, to which they were, at that time, totally abandoned ; and succeeded so well that she is remembered at this day with gratitude as a publick benefactress to the kingdom.

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In their behaviour to strangers they are obliging, and shew a degree of frankness that one would by no means expect to meet in a nation whom we have been accustomed to look upon as barbarous. They express a great curiosity to see the manners of strangers, which makes them often come into their houses, and observe all that is doing, without appearing to be under any constraint. They also take pleasure in imitating the dress and behaviour of those who come among them, and appear highly delighted when a stranger imitates any of theirs. In return, if you go into their houses, you are received with great hospitality; the people are eager to find something that may give you satisfaction, and seem very happy when you shew any marks of being pleased. They have none of that strictness which distinguishes the other eastern nations; but will themselves conduct you, with the greatest alacrity, through every part of their dwelling. The merit of their complaisance is so much the greater on this account, that it cannot, in any degree, be ascribed to fear, as a stranger is here entirely in their power, and the people have a very high idea of their own military force and prowess.



### National Traits.

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#### CONCISE CHARACTER OF THE PERSIANS.

FROM FRANKLIN'S TOUR.

THE Persians, in their dispositions, are much inclined to sudden anger; quick, fiery, and very sensible of affronts, which they immediately resent on the spot. They are a brave and courageous people; but their ferocity of disposition has also introduced a strife, peculiar to the lower class of inhabitants of Shirauz. When two people begin fighting, it always raises a great crowd, who generally separately take the part of one or the other in the contest, and the whole presently becomes a scene of tumult and confusion, until the arrival of the Daroga, or judge of the police, who puts an end to the fray. These riots are very frequent, and even the boys are fond of running to them, in order to have a share in the contention. In their capacities they are ready, prompt, and ingenious: But these talents they too often employ in the most discreditable way, being the greatest liars in

in the world, practising the most improbable falsties with the gravest air imaginable ; and so far from being abashed by a detection, they always endeavour to turn it off with a laugh, and even confess themselves, that they think there is no harm in telling a lie, provided it can be of any benefit to themselves :\* And they will always, in every business they are engaged in, endeavour first to bring it about by lying and knavery ; which, if unsuccessful (as those with whom they deal are full as expert as themselves) they will then conclude the bargain with truth and honesty ; but either way is equally indifferent to them.

\* The inhabitants of many other countries possess the same sentiments.

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### Paternal Justice.

#### INSTANCE OF INFLEXIBLE VIRTUE.

IN the year 1526, James Lynch Fitz Stephen, merchant, being elected Mayor of Golway, in Ireland, sent his only son commander of one of his ships to Bilboa in Spain, for a cargo of wine. Former dealings at this place were the means of recommending the father's credit, which young Lynch took advantage of to secrete the money for his own use, which his father intrusted him with for the purchase of the cargo. The Spaniard, who supplied him on this occasion, sent his nephew with him to Ireland, to receive the debt, and establish a further correspondence. The young men, who were much of an age, sailed together with that seeming satisfaction which congenial situations generally create among mankind. Open and generous, the Spaniard anticipated the pleasures which he should enjoy with such a friend, in a place then remarkable for qualities which we are now no longer to look for but in the narrative of other times. The ship proceeded on her voyage, and as every day must bring them nearer the place of destination, and discover the fraud intended by Lynch, he conceived the diabolical resolution of throwing his friend overboard. After sounding the sentiments of the hands on board, he brought the major part of them over to his purpose, by promise of reward, and the rest by fear. On the night of the fifth day, the unfortunate Spaniard was violently seized in his bed, and thrown overboard. A few days more brought them to port ; his father and friends received him with joy, and in a short time bestowed a sufficient



sufficient capital to set him up in business. Security had lulled every sense of danger, and he proposed for a beautiful girl, the daughter of a neighbour, in marriage. His terms were accepted, and the day appointed, which was to crown his yet successful villany, when one of the sailors who had been with him on the voyage to Spain, was taken ill, and finding himself at the point of death, sent for the father, and communicated a full relation of the horrid deed his son had committed on the high seas. The father, though struck speechless with astonishment and grief, at length shook off all the feelings which incline the parent to natural partiality. "Justice shall take its course," said the indignant magistrate; and he, within a few minutes, had his son seized with the rest of the crew, and threw them into prison. They all confessed the crime; a criminal process was made out against them, and in a few days a small town in the west of Ireland beheld a sight paralleled by very few instances in the history of mankind; a father sitting in judgment, like another Lucius Junius Brutus, on his son! and, like him too, condemning him to die as a sacrifice to publick justice! If the Almighty looks down with pleasure on the virtues of mankind, here was an action worthy of approbation, a father consigning his son to an ignominious death, and tearing away all the bonds of paternal affection, where the laws of nature were violated, and justice demanded the blow! "Were any other but your wretched father your judge (said the inflexible magistrate) I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortunes, and solicited for his life, though stained with murder; but you must die!—These are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature; and if you dare hope, implore that Heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow creature."

He was led back to prison, and a short time appointed for his execution. Amazement sat on the face of every one within this little community, which at most did not consist of more than three thousand people. The relations of the unhappy culprit surrounded the father; they conjured him, by all the solicitude of nature and compassion, to spare his son. His wretched mother, whose name was Blake, flew in distraction to the heads of her own family, and at length prevailed on them, for the honour of their house, to rescue her from the ignominy his death must bring on their name. They agreed to deliver him from prison; when his father

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being informed of their intention, had him conveyed to his own house, which he surrounded with the officers of justice.—He made the executioner fasten the rope to his neck: “You have little time to live, my son, said he; let the care of your soul employ the few moments; take the last embrace of your unhappy father.” He ordered the rope to be well secured to a window, and compelled the constables to throw the body out; a few minutes put an end to his existence. Under the window, in Lombardstreet, to this day, a skull and bones, carved in black marble, is to be seen, which the father put as a memento mori. Succeeding times looked upon an act with astonishment, which the production of the arts in this country should perpetuate with statues.



## ON THE HUNT OF THE LION.

FROM SPARMANN'S VOYAGES.

**I**T is only on the plains, that the hunters venture to go out on horseback after the lion. If it keeps in some coppice, or wood, on a rising ground, they endeavour to tease it with dogs till it comes out; they likewise prefer going together two or more in number, in order to be able to assist and rescue each other, in case the first should not take place.

When the lion sees the hunters at a great distance, it is universally allowed, that he takes to his heels as fast as ever he can, in order to get out of their sight; but if they chance to discover him at a small distance from them, he is then said to walk off in a surly manner, but without putting himself in the least hurry, as though he was above shewing any fear, when he finds himself discovered or hunted. He is therefore reported likewise, when he finds himself pursued with vigour, to be soon provoked to resistance, or at least he disdains any longer to fly. Consequently he slackens his pace, and at length only sidles slowly off step by step, all the while eyeing his pursuers askant; and finally makes a full stop, and turning round upon them, and at the same time giving himself a shake, roars with a short and sharp tone, in order to shew his indignation, being ready to seize on them and tear them in pieces. This is now precisely the time for the hunters to be upon the spot, or else to get as soon as possible within a certain distance of him, yet so at the same time as to keep at a proper distance from each other; and he that is nearest, or is most advantageously

advantageously posted, and has the best mark of that part of the lion's body which contains his heart and lungs, must be the first to jump off his horse, and, securing the bridle by putting it round his arm, discharge his piece; then in an instant recovering his seat, must ride oblique athwart his companions; and, in fine, giving his horse the reins, must trust entirely to the speed and fear of this latter, to convey him out of the reach of the fury of the wild beast, in case he has only wounded him, or has absolutely missed him. In either of these cases, a fair opportunity presents itself for some of the other hunters to jump off their horses directly, as they may then take their aim and discharge their pieces with greater coolness and certainty. Should this shot likewise miss, (which, however, seldom happens) the third sportsman rides after the lion, who at that instant is in pursuit of the first or the second, and, springing off his horse, fires his piece, as soon as he has got within a proper distance, and finds a sufficiently convenient part of the animal present itself, especially obliquely from behind. If now the lion turns upon him too, the other hunters turn again, in order to come to his rescue with the charge, which they loaded with on horseback, while they were flying from the wild beast.



### Political.

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#### MISERY THE COMPANION OF EMPIRE.

WHICH way soever we consider great Empires, whether in their infancy, in their blooming youth, in their manhood and full strength, or in their declining age, we shall find mankind in all these several periods of time afflicted with wars, famines, bloodshed, thralldom, and devastations.

Empires are brought forth with pangs, and the first exertions of their vigour are destructive to their neighbours. Their strugglings for elbow room are ever violent and bloody, because opinions of equality in forces, makes the first conflicts peculiarly fierce and obstinate. But their infancy, while thus fighting under their mother's wing, as it were, is notwithstanding, of all the other stages of their existence, by far the most harmless and innocent.

Empires, like the forest oak, require so much sap and nourishment,



ment, that any thing of an inferior growth must perish in their vicinity. The destruction of others, wherever they spread themselves, is inevitable. They are full, to be sure, of courage, heroic ardour, magnanimity, and of all we call virtuous, while in this early chase of glory. But what is this renown they hunt after so greedily? It is that bubble fame, which every individual conjures up to feed his feverish imagination, as his share of that respect which is always paid to the memory of great actions. And is not even this splendid chimera bottomed in battles, sieges, sackings, and those other but numberless effects of war, which involve humanity in every species of barbarity, outrage and wretchedness?

Empires no sooner come to manhood, or full strength, than ruin, with giant strides, extends all around. No longer warmed with the virtuous desire of fame, the infuriate rage of domination pervades them throughout. Like tigers, or panthers, they range about for prey wantonly, and not out of hunger. They vex not here and there a city, but lay whole regions and kingdoms waste. They sometimes kill of others, or lose of themselves, twenty, forty, or an hundred thousand men in one battle. When quite debauched, and glutted with power and slaughter, then follow breach of faith, stratagems, circumventions, inobservance of treaties, oppressions, frauds, perjury, rapes, murders, burnings, and all the other monsters with which the earth is pregnant after engendering the God of war.

Having in this manner made the whole world one dismal scene of slaughter, animosity, and uproar, their robust maturity usually terminates in a variance among the principal actors of the tragedy. Who knows not that the quarrels of Sylla and Marius, Pompey and Cæsar, and afterwards of Octavius and Brutus, of Sextus the son of Brutus, and then of Anthony, and a thousand other sanguinary ruffians, who possess the honorary distinction of being the most successful murderers of their fellow creatures, embroiled the whole earth, harrassed, wasted, and afflicted Italy, her allies, and provinces, more than any of all her former wars.

Empires, like the temple of the Philistines, always involve their inhabitants in their fall. The disorders they contract for want of action, in their declension, affect and interrupt the peace and felicity of mankind as much as the furious excursions of their youth and manhood. For whether it be in a commonwealth, or a single

gle person, power never arrived to any very eminent height, without running into all sorts of excesses and corruptions. And there is never any real soundness in a system composed for action, while kept by the pressure of luxury, wealth, and usurpation at rest. The cautious Augustus, indeed, did shut up the temple of Janus, and the government of the whole devolving on a single person, the world was for a while at peace. But how long, or rather how short lived this invaluable blessing? Did not contending titles, and opposite claims, soon after cover Italy and the provinces with civil arms; and could any species of war be more destructive and terrible than the cruelty, profusion, lust, riot, and rage of that infamous succession of wretches who filled the imperial throne, and were at once the scourge and opprobrium of humanity.

Empires in decrepit age do not, like natural bodies whom time has weakened and wasted, fall gently, and by insensible degrees. No; this mighty fabrick, the parts of which are strongly cemented at first, endure many shocks, storms, disasters, and attempts, before their final catastrophe is brought on. It was above four-score years before all that vast combination of barbarous power which assailed the Roman commonwealth prevailed; and during this bloody period, they suffered more miseries than they themselves had felt, or than they had made others feel, in the whole duration of their dominion. The horrors and devastations which mankind then saw and shared, are not to be numbered or described. While these fierce, savage, and insatiable invaders were heaving at and subverting that enormous fabrick which had stood so many ages, and whose foundations were so deeply laid, the whole earth was convulsed, and all the kingdoms of the world, more or less involved in the desolation that ensued.

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### Humorous.

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#### RAMBLES IN THE REGION OF HYPOTHESES.

BEING fatigued with the business of the day I found myself drowsy, and reclining on a couch, my fancy began to ramble about, when methought I saw a very singular animal frisking near me. It had the head of an eagle, the feet of a griffin, the body of a horse, and the tail of a lion. I laid hold of him in spite of his *caracoles*, and holding fast his mane jumped nimbly upon his back.

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We had travelled, or rather flown, for some time (for I forgot to say, he had a fine pair of wings) when I perceived in the void space a building hanging up as by enchantment. It was a very spacious one; I cannot say the foundation was the weak part of it, for there was none. Its columns, which were not half a foot in diameter, rose up out of the reach of the eye, and supported vaults which were only perceived by some spaces that were cut out in it with great symmetry.

At the entrance of this building we stopped. I hesitated a little before I dismounted, because, I thought within myself, I had a better chance to ride about on my hyppogriffe, than to walk under that portico. However, encouraged by the multitude of those who inhabited it, and the great serenity of their countenances, I alighted, and advanced, and joined the crowd, taking a survey of all those who composed it.

They were all poor looking, weakly old men, without strength, and most of them deformed. One had his head too small, another his arms too short. The body of this was crooked, that had no legs, and many had no feet, and were crawling about with crutches. Notwithstanding all these defects, they pleased at first sight; there was in their physiognomy a *je ne sais quoi* attracting and manly. They were almost naked, all their dress consisting in a small piece of cloth which did not cover the hundredth part of their body.

I proceeded on through the crowd, and arrived near a pulpit, over which a large spider's web was spread by way of a canopy. As to boldness, it answered exactly to that of the building; it seemed to me as it were placed on the sharp end of a needle, and held there in balance. A hundred times I trembled for the person who was in it; he was an old man with a long beard, as thin and more naked than any of his scholars; he was dipping a reed in a cup filled with a subtle fluid, which he carried to his mouth, and blew from it balloons, before a crowd of spectators who surrounded him, and who were very busy in making them fly aloft. "Where am I," said I to myself, ashamed of those childish tricks; "What does this blower mean with his balloons, and all those crazy children who make them fly? Who will explain it to me?" The little pieces of cloth had also struck me, so much the more that I observed that the greater they were, the less those who



wore them took concern in the balloon. This observation encouraged me to accost him who seemed to be most covered.

Just at that moment, I saw one whose shoulders were half covered with pieces so well joined together that the seams were hardly visible; he was going up and down in the crowd without troubling himself much about what they were doing there; affability and goodness were in his looks, his gait was noble and easy; so that, enticed by my curiosity, I went straitway to him, and thus addressed him: "Who are you? Where am I? Who are all those people?" "I am Plato," answered he, "you are in the region of hypothesis, and those people are systematizers." "But how comes it to pass that the divine Plato is to be found here, and what does he do among these silly folks?" "Recruit," said he, "I have at some distance from this portico a little sanctuary, where I carry those who come back from the systems." "And how do you employ them?" "To know men, practise virtue, and *sacrifier aux graces*." "All that is very well," said I, "but what mean those little pieces of cloth by which you look rather like beggars than philosophers?" "What do you ask me there," answered he, sighing, "what a remembrance you call back to my mind. This temple was formerly that of philosophy; alas! what a change this place has experienced! in this place was the pulpit of Socrates." "What then," said I, interrupting him, "had Socrates a reed, and did he also blow balloons?" "No no," answered Plato, "this would never have acquired him the appellation of the wisest of men. It is to mould heads, that is to say, to frame the heart and the mind, that he bestowed all his time as long as he lived. The secret was lost at his death. Socrates died, and the fine days of philosophy vanished. These pieces of cloth that those systematizers take a pride to wear, are fragments of his coat; he was scarcely dead, when those who aspired at the title of philosophers, rushed upon his gown, and tore it to pieces." "I understand you," replied I, "and they availed themselves of those pieces as a title for them and their numerous posterity." "Who shall reassemble those bits," said Plato, "and restore us Socrates's gown?"

Here we were interrupted by the glimpse of a child, I discovered afar off coming towards us; his steps were slow, but bold and steady, his head was small, his body thin, his arms weak and his legs

legs short ; but all his limbs grew bigger and longer as he advanced. In the progression of his increase, he appeared to me under a hundred different forms ; I saw him direct a telescope towards the sky, to estimate with the help of a pendulum the falling of bodies, and to ascertain with a tube filled with mercury the weight of the air. He was then an enormous Colossus ; his head reached the skies, his feet were lost in the abyss, and his arms went from one pole to the other. He held in his right hand a flambeau, which he shook, and which spread its light at the most remote distance. "Who is," said I to Plato, "this gigantick figure coming to us?" "It is *experience*," answered he : He had scarcely uttered these few words, ere experience had reached the portico, which immediately began to stagger, its vaults to sink down, and its pavement to give way under our feet. "Let us go," said Plato again, "this building has but a moment to last." At these words he went away, I followed him, the Colossus arrived, struck the portico, which tumbled down with a dreadful noise, and I awoke.

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### Regal Folly.

#### AMUSEMENTS OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

NEXT to eating macaroni, the favourite amusements of the Neapolitan monarch are hunting and shooting ; though the bliss he obtains from the latter, must be of a very uncommon kind, as will be evident from the manner in which his majesty pursues, or rather murders his game.

If the object of the royal vengeance be pheasants, he has three or four hundred of these poor animals, which are as tame as barn-door fowls, (particularly at his hunting seat in the little island of Procita) confined within a small inclosed compass, himself being seated in an alcove above, by the front of which the *chasseurs* drive the birds one after another, without a minute's delay, whilst his majesty fires at them as fast as he can discharge his pieces, and when he is tired of the excellent sport, boasts that he has killed with his own hand two or three hundred pheasants in an hour's time. This intelligence we got from the king's own *garde de chasse* on the spot at Procita.

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That the late king had precisely the same *penchant* for the sports of the field with his present majesty, and that he at least paid as much attention to the preservation of his game, the following anecdote will fully evince.

Not many years ago he ordered all the cats in the island of Procita to be destroyed, under the idea that they killed his pheasants; this bloody sentence was executed with rigour, but the inhabitants soon became sensible of its bad effects, for the rats and mice multiplied to such a degree, that the whole produce of the island was in danger, and the former even attacked the children in their cradles. A petition was presented to the king, setting forth the grievance, to which his majesty immediately gave ear, and made another decree in favour of the cats, who soon did their duty so well, that though the pheasants do not appear at all diminished, there are few rats to be seen.

When *la caccia de cinghiale*, or hunting and shooting the wild boar, is the diversion his majesty fixes on, and which he usually prefers to all others, he then sometimes goes to Astroni, near Naples, where in the crater of an extinct volcano, three miles in circumference, but which is now filled with noble timber trees, are several hundreds of those animals, which flock in droves to be fed at the keeper's whistle, though we were obliged to conceal ourselves behind a wall to prevent their seeing us. This wall, however, which was so friendly to our curiosity, is very inimical to the poor boars, as the king stations himself behind it in order to shoot them, and will sometimes massacre fifty or an hundred in a day. He then registers his feats in a book, mentioning both the number and the size of the boars he has killed with his own hand. As a proof of this king's extraordinary piety, (a newspaper would say, *Piety extraordinary*,) when madness was in his kennels, he made the poor quadrupeds hear mass, put his hand into their mouths, and said he was certain no hurt could then befall him or them. This we had from one who is honoured with his particular friendship and attention.

What exquisite taste his majesty has for the fine arts, evidently appears by the paintings in his grand palace at Caserta, the apartments of which are adorned with pictures of his different seaports, and representations of his hunting the wild boars, in most of which the king himself makes the principal figure. The royal orders

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are, that the colours must be all bright and glaring, without any shade or softening whatever. But as this mandate causes some of the state rooms to look as if they were hung with shew boards for a puppet shew, so it sadly fetters the genius of that very able artist Mr. Hackert, who has the honour of being the king's first painter.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE *Germe of fancy*. No. IV.

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A DEFENCE OF THE GENTLER SEX.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,  
 If with too credent ear you list sweet songs,  
 Or loose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open  
 To youth's unmaster'd importunity.  
 O keep within the rear of your affection,  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious tongues ;  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,  
 Contagious blasts are most imminent.—*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

WHEN we consider the bitters which are unavoidably infused and tinge the current of female felicity, it is pitiful to behold what arts are multiplied to divert its course through still more reluctant channels, or accelerate its motion by an increase of its kindred element. An object in whom nature has constellated the radiant gems of diversified beauty, attracts, by the mere prevalence of her charms, myriads of insects, which irritate her peace and sting her repose. That beauty which has awed the world with its nod ; that delicacy which creates tenderness in the very contemplation of its nature, have found themselves insufficient to repel the hostile attacks of open malignity, or dissolve the mind to softer sentiments of benevolence and love. First to tempt them to betray, is sufficiently diabolical to associate almost the idea of additional aggravation. But the boast of conquest never obtained, and professed depredations on modesty absolutely inaccessible, bespeak such a complicated union of baseness and barbarity, as could never be credited unless personal observation stamped the assertion.

Affection,

Affectation, as a means of superinducing artificial excellencies, is entitled to some degree of pity if not respect; since it must arise from an innate consciousness of defective requisites, and in time perhaps may constitute an habitual principle of virtue and honour. But what indignation can proportionate that solicitude, which only counterfeits depravity, and apes the distinction of being eminently contemptible and internally miserable! Infinite are the inlets of pain to the tenderest bosoms, and few the resources of real comfort. Man, who acts more on the open theatre of the world, often finds himself, even in distress, so far animated by applause, that vanity is become the ruling principle of his conduct. While woman, whose lot generally destines her to move in the less conspicuous scenes of retirement, perhaps "without a friend to encourage, an acquaintance to pity, or even hope to alleviate her misfortunes;" may, although actuated by a much higher motive, silently droop in repeated efforts of unaided fortitude. She finds not only her feelings severely criticised, and her imprudencies aggravated; but even her honour impeached for freedoms she never indulged.

Wretches there are, who without pretensions to civility or any sense of injury, can deliberately blast the opening blossom of virtue, ere the bud is unfolded to their distant observation. Were such a passion excited by implacability of resentment or inimical provocation; revenge might sometimes violate precipitate measures; but this is a genuine malignity without cause or temptation; an odious purpose conducted by still more odious means, and which proposes no gratification but injuring innocency and depreciating beauty; of "poisoning the banquet it is unworthy to taste; and infecting the fruit, it has no title to reap."

Oh! but it is nothing but a mere frolick, a spirit of gallantry that evaporates with thought; nothing but a distillation of that vivacious humour, fortunately diffused through every rank of joyous associates, where incidental occurrences are wittily interpreted, and a happy fertility of conception checks the effervescence of facetious movement. Long habituated to festive pleasantry, we justly condemn all your sententious reasonings, and fly to scenes where melancholy ideas can never intrude. Let your modest men of merit wrap themselves in imaginary consequence. They may perhaps enforce civility, but are totally incapable of conciliating

conciliating esteem; and though a supposition of internal ornaments may sometimes excite a tacit applause, it is to supervenient decorations that the bulk of mankind will professedly ascribe any attractive influence. The arts of flattery are far more prevalent than logic; and personal recommendations infinitely superiour to all your boasted acquirements of erudition and knowledge. Unaccustomed to doubt, we bound upon trial; the first hint of enterprise titillates the fancy with hope; execution commences, and the heart exults in visionary prospects of success, till—ah! till what—poor deluded wretches! till experience detects the fallacy of speculation, and languid fears of misfortune totally enervate all the powers of action. Thus youth exhausts without provision for age, and with thought exclude every rational tranquillity. They jocosely skim along the surface of life; smooth the expanse with recreative pleasure, and even hail the poet that must consummate their felicity. But alas! it is with steers the helm, while possession flies from them; despair springs a leak, and the influx of disappointment vacillates the bark, till she gradually sinks in the gulph of inanity.

*Cambridge, August 17, 1793.*

ALBERT.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE *Mirror*. No. IV.

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“Our passions play the tyrant in our breasts!”

**T**HERE is no situation in life, however surrounded with misfortune, unattended with some sweet, to assuage the corrosion of care. Every condition has its charms; the secluded hermit boasts the advantages of retirement; and the busy civilian will extol the pleasures of an active life; the vassalled peasant feels a satisfaction in joining the rustick circle; while the ambitious monarch enjoys a paradise in the fawning adulations of his cringing courtiers. Such is the force of habit, that even the slave in chains would scarce relinquish his toils for the authority of a sovereign! By its magick influence, the severest rigors of slavery are softened into pleasures, and the greatest luxuries of ambition dwindle to fatigue. In the *catoptrick* of prejudice, vice is transformed to virtue, and the charms of virtue are distorted in all the



the deformities of vice. The varnish of impertinence is often mistaken for the splendor of merit, and the fallies of genius are considered by the votaries of dulness as the effusions of folly. If we cast a view over the volume of history, we behold almost every page swelled with examples of this despotick bias. In ages of comparative barbarism, under the influence of the feudal system, law, the intended asylum of liberty, was prostituted to the will of a mercenary despot; and the *lever* of justice was supported merely by the *fulcrum* of opinion. So great was the superstitious prejudice of the age in support of priestcraft, that the *mitre* and the *crozier* were a security for the greatest enormities; and even a *cut throat* with the *appearance* of sanctity, was deified by the ignorance of the people. All Europe was chained in vassalage to the authority of Christendom, and even the monarch of England, for the sovereignty of his kingdom, kneeled in homage to the empire of Rome. The bulls of the pope, like the bolts of Jove, were a scarecrow to superstitious weakness; and the spiritual thunders of papacy made tremble even the sceptre of authority. But we need not unfold the mystick volume of priestly despotism, nor the musty records of antiquity, to witness the authority of custom. Every scene of action is a record; and, we may say, every actor in the scene is an acknowledged vassal to its delusive power. Mankind have universally inlisted under the banners of prejudice. From this principle we trace every attachment in life. From this native source flows the pure stream of friendship; and even the mystick delusions of *love* acknowledge its parentage!

Novelty ever has a tendency to captivate the imagination; and the human mind, like the fabled lover, becomes enamoured with every new featured face and every new toned voice. But reason requires something more than the attractions of novelty to fix her resolutions. She may allure the imagination; but can never alienate the heart. The power of prepossessions is too great, ever to be overawed by her delusive charms. An attachment to places, which are designated in our bosoms by the calls of self interest, or the weighty concerns of our friends; that have been distinguished by scenes of juvenile amusement, mingled with the joys of friendship, while perhaps engaged in the pursuit of science, or preparing for the journey of life; becomes too deeply imprinted, ever to be obliterated;

obliterated; except by the corrosive foot of time. Thus in the undaunted hero the call of his country will rouse the fervor of patriotism; and to the son of science the venerable name of *Harvard* will ever be the pole star of his affections. But however happy his situation; however dear these enjoyments; revolving time now commands him from this blest retreat! Retiring from these haunts of literature, he must bid *adieu* to those occupations, which the charms of juvenile friendship have made sacred in his memory; and which the force of habit has rendered almost essential to his happiness. His companions now quit the banquet of science, and separate over the broad theatre of the world, to act their respective parts in the great drama of life. The ardor of affection, and the fervor of attachment, must now yield to the commands of necessity; and, allured by the calls of our own interest, of our friends, and our country,

“————— high in hope,

When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,

We cut our cable; launch into the wide world;

And fondly dream each wind, and star, our friend:

All, in some darling enterprize embarked.”

*Boston, August 16th, 1793.*

ALONZO.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE *Repository*. No. XI.

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WHEN the mind hath been agonized by heart piercing reflections, how sweet is a moment of calm serenity—all nature assumes a new complexion, the trees wear a more glossy hue, the scent of the rose is more fragrant, and the earth is clothed with a more agreeable verdure—the limpid stream murmurs delightfully along—the extensive river pursues its course, a source of pleasurable advantage, and the broad bosom of the spacious world of waters, is sedately calm—every magnificent building rears its head a seat of hospitality—the neat tenements of industry, strike the view as the pleasing emblems of mediocrity, and each little cottage is the peaceful residence of contentment—in short, every object may be said to take its colouring from the disposition which predominates in the bosom of the observer, and we are either elevated, or depressed, according to the arrangement of our own feelings—surely then it is our interest, as well as duty, assiduously to cultivate

vate a benign, and equal temper, and methinks, if we reflect upon the *transient* duration of those events, which now so greatly agitate us, it will largely contribute to calm the soul, and it will give us to view with a proper indifference the things of time—under a rational influence, if our spirits are illumined by the smallest ray of light, from the sun of righteousness, we shall be ready to say—*We will no more feed upon husks, we will arise and go to our Father.*

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### Literary Fable.

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#### THE SQUIRREL AND THE HORSE.

A SQUIRREL stood admiring a gallant sorrel nag, who, obedient to the spur and curb, galloped up and down in great perfection; after beholding the movements for some time, the little animal exclaimed, with very little courtesy; “All that lightness, agility, and dexterity, surprises not me, who can do as much, and occasionally a great deal more; I am active, I am lively, I wag, skip, frisk, sweat, and fatigue, and never in short stand still.” At these words the colt stooped for some short time, and with some degree of solemnity replied, “These are indeed fine friskings and cantings, and graceful motions, and very easy paces; but pray, good friend, be kind enough to tell me to what manner of use they serve? I take a great deal of pains, but never for nothing; it is my duty, and I make a point of displaying my abilities in the service of my master.”

Writers who waste their strength in frivolous compositions are exactly like squirrels.

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### Eastern Superstition.

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#### FEAST IN HONOUR OF MAHOMET.

“ON the twelfth night of Rabea el aul, the dervises of the order of Bedi eddin celebrate a great feast in honour of the nativity of Mahomet. As I had in this town a friend among the Mullas in whom I could confide, I went, in the Mahometan dress, along with him, on the 29th or 30th night of August 1765, into the court before the mosque where the dervises were to play their tricks. Every thing was done in the open air; and in the middle of this capacious court, there were only three wax candles lighted.



lighted. The scheehs and some people of note sat in a line in the first row; and the principal scheeh of the order was particularly conspicuous. All the dervises, with bended knees, kissed the palms and the backs of his hands, and put them upon their heads, as if to receive the blessing. On each side of him sat several dervises, and Mullas, of whom part were actors and part spectators. I took my seat behind them, near the gate. Some read, or rather sang alternately, certain passages of the Koran, to a great crowd of spectators. Afterwards, some domesticks made their appearance in a variegated dress. These went up and down the court, making ridiculous contortions, and crying aloud to the bystanders to fear God, and to remember the prophet. Before the principal scheeh, a great number of these daggers, which I before described, were stuck into the ground; they were short and thick, and called *dabus*, *derbus*, or *dubba*; and along with them were a considerable number more, two feet and a half long, but smaller. More than twenty spectators rose quickly, and took each a *dabus* with a solemn air. A crowd of mullas, and of other priests, beat upon the little drums, and sang in order to animate the actors, or rather to stun the spectators. The dervises ran up and down in the middle of the court, and each darted into his eyes, and into his breast, the heavy sharp pointed dagger, and feigned to pull it out with a great deal of pain, though without the smallest hurt.

“The chief scheeh should have acted the principal part, but finding it perhaps too difficult, he substituted one of his disciples in his room. This substitute fell upon his knees before his scheeh, with a long prayer, in which he appeared to implore his aid. After this, kissing his master’s hands, and starting up on a sudden, he threw his turban upon the ground, and let his hair float loose. He now began to play all kinds of tricks, like one inspired, or rather like a fool. In a little time, however, he became calm, and signified to the musicians what were the suitable airs or tones to increase his inspiration. In short, he seized upon ten or twelve of these long slender daggers, and ran from place to place. The confusion made me lose sight of the actor for a moment; and during this short space he appeared to be pierced through and through with four or five of these daggers. The musick always played, and the dervises performed a thousand tricks with their *dabus*. Some lying upon the ground, made others drive the daggers into their body by a great stroke with the mallet. Soon, however, they  
gave

gave place to the principal actor, who pierced himself with a vast number of daggers made of wood. He whirled often round without stopping. At last, he got upon the top of a low house, where was a pole pointed with a dagger. With this he empaled himself in such a way, that in a moment he was spitted through the shoulders, upon the spot.

"This part of the act deserves to be painted; however, one may represent to one's self a slender man carried in the air on a pole from six to twelve feet long, with a long beard, with dishevelled hair, and with his body transfixd with a number of javelins. It is necessary to observe that in the Turkish towns no Mahometan lets his hair grow, except the dervises of certain orders; and perhaps the fantons or the buffoons in Egypt. If we were to judge of the divine service of the other Mahometans by these ceremonies of the monks, who are detested by sensible people, we should be greatly deceived. I would cheerfully have staid longer at this place; but observing that some of the principal people began to eye me rather too minutely, I hastened with my friend to leave the meeting; for I should have been importuned to become Mahometan, if I had been known." [Universal Traveller.]

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### BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE REV. GEORGE HARVEST.

**MR. GEORGE HARVEST**, minister of Thames Ditton, was one of the most absent men of his time; he was a lover of good eating, almost to gluttony, and was further remarkable as a great fisherman; very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts. In his youth he was contracted to a daughter of the Bishop of London; but, on his wedding day, being gudgeon fishing, he oversteid the canonical hour; and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match. He had at that time an estate of £ 300 per annum; but, from inattention and absence, suffered his servants to run him in debt so much, that it was soon spent. It is said that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends and fellow servants; and persuaded him that the noise he heard, was the effect of wind.

In the latter part of his life no one would lend or let him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or at least out of his hands, it being his practice to dismount and lead his horse,

horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, and sometimes it was taken off by the boys, and the parson seen drawing his bridle after him.

Sometimes he would purchase a penny worth of shrimps, and put them in his waistcoat pocket among tobacco, worms, gentles for fishing, and other trumpery : This he often carried about him till it stunk so as to make his presence almost insufferable. I once saw such a melange turned out of his pocket by the Dowager Lady Pembroke.

With all these peculiarities, he was a man of some classical learning, and a deep metaphysician, though generally reckoned a little cracked.

Mr. Arthur Onslow, speaker of the house of Commons, who lived at Ember court, in the parish of Thames Ditton, was very fond of Mr. Harvest's company ; as was also his son and successor, Lord Onslow ; so much, that he had a bed there, and lived more at Ember court than at his lodgings (a baker's in the village.)

On another occasion, having accompanied my Lord to Calais, they walked on the ramparts ; musing on some geometrical problem, he lost his company in the midst of that town. Mr. Harvest could not speak a word of French ; but, recollecting my Lord was at the Silver Lion, he put a shilling in his mouth, and set himself in the attitude of a Lion rampant : After exciting much admiration, he was led back to the inn by a soldier, under the idea that he was a maniac, escaped from his keepers.

Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer days, and to walk into his church with his gun, to see what could have assembled the people there.

Wherever he slept, he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil ; to wash his hands and mouth in the chamber pot ; to make water in the basin or juglet, and to go into bed, and between the sheets, with his boots on.

In company, he never put the bottle round, but always filled it when it stood opposite to him ; so that he very often took half a dozen glasses running. That he always was drunk and the rest of the company sober, is not therefore to be wondered at.

One day Mr. Harvest, being in a punt on the Thames, with Mr. Onslow, began to read a beautiful passage in some Greek author, and throwing himself backwards in an ecstasy, fell into the water, whence he was with difficulty fished out.

When



When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the Vice Chancellorship of Cambridge, Mr. Harveſt, who had been his ſchool fellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote ; one day at dinner, in a large company, my Lord, jeſting with Harveſt on their ſchool-boy tricks, the parſon ſuddenly exclaimed *apropos*, whence do you derive your nickname of Jemmy Twitcher ? Why, answered his Lordſhip, from ſome fooliſh fellow. No, no, interrupted Harveſt, it is not ſome, but every body, that calls you ſo. On which my Lord, being near the pudding, put a large ſlice on the Doctör's plate, who inſtantly ſeizing it, ſtopt his own mouth.

Once being to preach before the clergy at the viſitation, he had three ſermons in his pocket : Some wags got poſſeſſion of them, mixed the leaves, and ſewed them all up as one. Mr. Harveſt began his ſermon, and ſoon loſt the thread of his diſcourſe, and grew confuſed, but nevertheless continued till he had preached out firſt all the Church Wardens, and next the Clergy, who thought he was taken mad.

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### Reviews.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.  
**IMPARTIAL CHARACTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

*The Natural Hiſtory of the Bible : or a Deſcription of all the Beaſts, Birds, Fiſhes, Inſects, Reptiles, Trees, Plants, Metals, Precious Stones, &c. mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures. Collected from the beſt Authorities, and alphabetically arranged. By THADDEUS MASON HARRIS. A. M. Librarian of Harvard Univerſity, Cambridge. Printed at Boſton, by Thomas and Andrews. Price 5/3.*

**T**HE reverend and learned author of this valuable work, diſcovers great erudition, combined with profound critical knowledge. He is certainly entitled to the applauſe of every judicious reader, and merits the beſt eulogium of kindred ſcience. Many difficult paſſages of ſcripture are explained, and apparent contradictions harmoniouſly reconciled. Mr. Harris's perfect acquaintance with thoſe ſubjects which he has treated upon, commands our admiration, where he is pleaſed to be diſſuſe ; and it is not without emotions of regret, that we find him, at times, extremely concise, where the immenſity of his reading might have furniſhed

a more

a more extensive detail. His promised *Dissertations on the Natural History, Customs, Manners and Literature of the East*, we anticipate the pleasure of speedily perusing, and flatter ourselves, that the most generous encouragement will crown his meritorious labours with an ample reward. The Ashkoko is thus described.

“ASHKOKO. This curious animal is found in Ethiopia, and plentifully on Mount Libanus, &c. “It does not burrow, or make holes, as the rat and rabbit, nature having interdicted him this practice by furnishing him with feet, the toes of which are perfectly round, and of a soft, pulpy, tender substance; the fleshy parts of the toes project beyond the nails, which are rather broad than sharp, much similar to a man’s nails ill grown, and these appear rather given him for the defence of his soft toes, than for any active use in digging, to which they are by no means adapted.

The total length of the animal as he sits, is 17 inches and a quarter. He has no tail, and gives at first sight the idea of a rat, rather than of any other creature. His colour is grey, mixed with reddish brown, perfectly like the wild or warren rabbit. His belly is white, from the point of the lower jaw, to where his tail would begin, if he had one. All over his body he has scattered hairs, strong and polished like his mustachoes; these are for the most part two inches and a quarter in length. His ears are round, not pointed. He makes no noise: And certainly chews the cud.

Instead of holes, they seem to delight in less close, or more airy places, in the mouths of caves, or clefts in the rock; or where one projecting, and being open before, affords a long retreat under it, without fear that this can ever be removed by the strength or operations of man. They are gregarious, and frequently several dozens of them sit upon the great stones at the mouths of caves, and warm themselves in the sun, or even come out and enjoy the freshness of the summer evening. They do not stand upright upon their feet, but seem to steal along as in fear, their belly being nearly close to the ground, advancing a few steps at a time, and then pausing. They have something very mild, feeble like, and timid in their deportment; are gentle and easily tamed, though, when roughly handled at the first, they bite very severely.”

Many

\* Bruce.

Many are the reasons to believe this to be the animal called *saphan* in Hebrew, and erroneously by our translators the coney or rabbit. We know that the last mentioned animal is peculiar to Spain, and therefore could not be supposed to be either in Judea or Arabia. They are gregarious indeed, and so far resemble each other, as also in point of size; but seek not the same place of retreat, for the rabbit burrows most generally in the sand. Nor is there any thing in the character of the latter animal that denotes excellent wisdom, or that they supply the want of strength by any remarkable sagacity. The *saphan* then is not the rabbit, which last, unless it was brought him by his ships from Europe, Solomon never saw.

Let us now apply the characters of the *Ashkoko* to the *Saphan*. "He is above all other animals so much attached to the rocks, that I never once, says Mr. Bruce, saw him on the ground, or from among large stones in the mouth of caves, where is his constant residence. He lives in families, or flocks. He is in Judea, Palestine, and Arabia, and consequently must have been familiar to Solomon. David describes him very pertinently, and joins him to other animals perfectly known: "The hills are refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the *saphan*" [or *ashkoko*.\*] And Solomon says that "they are exceeding wise," that "they are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks."† Now this, I think, very obviously fixes the *ashkoko* to be the *saphan*, for this weakness seems to allude to his feet, and how inadequate these are to dig holes in the rock, where yet, however, he lodges. From their tenderness these are very liable to be excoriated or hurt: Notwithstanding which they build houses in the rocks, more inaccessible than those of the rabbit, and in which they abide in greater safety; not by exertion of strength, for they have it not, but are truly, as Solomon says, a feeble folk, but by their own sagacity and judgment, and are therefore justly described as wise. Lastly, what leaves the thing without doubt is, that some of the Arabs, particularly Damir, say, that the *saphan* has no tail, that it is less than a cat, that it lives in houses or nests, which it builds of straw, in contradistinction to the rabbit and rat, and those other animals that burrow in the ground."

This animal is called in Arabia and Syria, *Israel's sheep*, or *gan-nium Israel*:‡ Or, according to Dr. Shaw, who likewise supposes it to intend the *saphan*, *Israel's lamb*, or *daman Israel*."

NIGHT.

\* Psal. civ. ver. 18.

† Prov. xxx. 24 26.

‡ Bruce, p. 142



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## Cabinet of Apollo.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

N I G H T.

**W**ELCOME as pity to the child of tears,  
Comes ebon night with solace on her wing ;  
Soft melancholy in her sombre shade appears,  
And bids me touch the long neglected string.

Some child of woe now glides across the plain,  
And woos fond recollection to his aid ;  
Or, musing sad, he seeks the holy fane,  
And pays the tribute to some honour'd shade.

Hush'd are the downy warblers of the grove,  
Their choral melody is heard no more ;  
Soft dies the note of the lorn widow'd dove,  
Slow rise the waves and wash the pebbly shore.

White bosom'd peace, blind maid with azure eye,  
I fondly woo thee to my throbbing breast ;  
And breathe to each sad note the unavailing sigh,  
By thee deserted, and by woe carest.

The straw crown'd maniac in his murky cell,  
Now sleeps contented and forgets his chain ;  
Spirits of mercy, with the sufferer dwell,  
Who smiles at sorrow and her drooping train.

Fast falls the lucid drop and wets the plain ;  
The silvery orb no more the prospect cheers ;  
I'll on the willow place my lyre again,  
Soon morn, dun night, shall kiss away thy tears.

ANNA LOUISA.

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A P A S T O R A L

**M**Y days of delight are no more,

Sweet moments of pleasure and peace ;

The smile of the morning is o'er,

And night bids his horrors increase.

The

The landscape which smil'd to the view,  
 When innocence gladden'd the day;  
 The flow'rets which glitter'd with dew,  
 Alas! are alike pass'd away.

'Twas Delia which made them look bright,  
 Her presence enlighten'd the scene:  
 Her absence had hid them in night,  
 For she of the plain was the queen.

Yet ah! how severe to my mind,  
 My folly has banish'd the fair;  
 To her merit and worthiness blind,  
 I rightly am doom'd to despair.

Yet gentle's her bosom, I know,  
 How lovely and sweet to behold!  
 Tho' white as the fleece fallen snow,  
 'Twas never, no, never so cold.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds, combin'd,  
 With me the dear charmer implore,  
 Ah! let her again but be kind,  
 And I shall be happy once more.



TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*By the insertion of the following SYMPATHETICK EFFUSIONS,  
 founded on fact, you will oblige a Correspondent.*

**H**ARK! 'tis the anguish'd sound of misery I hear,  
 'Tis M——'s gentle soul the balmy sigh exhales;  
 In silent agony, she drops the furrowing tear,  
 And undulates the deep drawn moan on passing gales.

Curst be the wretch whose art and fond seducing smiles,  
 Thy tender and lov'd sister's weakness did subdue,  
 And doubly curst, his obdurate soul, whose artful wiles,  
 Could bring affliction's keenest iron pang to you.

Think R——, in moments calm and free from passion, think,  
 How small thy surfac'd happiness, how short thy joy;  
 Since even villany, at the accursed deed would shrink,  
 Nor basely mix with purest goodness such alloy.

Were

Were it from one alone thy crimes had drawn the sig  
Thou then high heav'n's indulgent pity might'st implor  
But, since the liquid tear distils from many an eye,  
E'en mercy's fairest form forever bars the door.

Say, does thy heart no solemn mourning wear,  
When vilest thoughts of rankest villany molest ;  
Or does thy callous soul corroding thoughts forbear,  
That thou may'st wildly wanton, in thy dear bought rest.

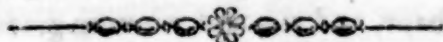
When pure reflection shall her keenest pang impart,  
When age shall hover o'er thy sinful, hoary head,  
Who then will pour sweet consolation in thy heart  
Or drop one friendly tear, in pity to thee—*dead*—

M——, loveliest maid, thy wonted sighings cease,  
Nor mourn a sister twinn'd as well by age, as love,  
Since by thy tears thou ne'er can'st gain the wish'd for peace,  
'Till thy pure soul ascends its native realms above.

Cease then, M——, cease thy piteous, sorrowing moan,  
Nor languishingly sad, protract the tedious day,  
Lest in this wild of weeds, you leave us here alone,  
Lest Heav'n demand, and bear thy spirit far away.

ALMANZO.

Worcester, August 26th, 1793.



FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

SONNET, TO THE "COUNTRY GIRL."

"But, tho' alone with mental eye,  
This form thou ne'er must view ;  
In answer to this deep drawn sigh,  
Breathe me one *last adieu* !"

HASTE Zephyr, fly, and waft to *Anna's* ear,  
This bosom echo—'tis my heart's reply ;  
Say, to her notes I listened with a tear,  
And caught the sweet contagion of a "*sigh*."

But, ah ! that "*last adieu* !" oh ! stern request !  
Cold, as those tides of *vital ice*, that roll,  
Thro' the chill'd channels of the maiden breast,  
When prudish *sanctity* congeals the soul.

O'er



O'er fancy's fairy lawn, no more we rove ;

No more, in rhyme's impervious hood array'd,

Hold airy converse in the Muse's grove,

\* While you a shadow seem to me—a shade.

For know, *Menander* can thy features trace,

Nor more thy verse admire, than idolize thy face !

Boston, August 28, 1793.

MENANDER.

\* An imitation of that elegant line of *Della Crusca* ;

“ But each to each remained, a shadow and a shade ! ”

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O D E   T O   C A P R I C E .

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

OFFSPRING of Pride and lawless Pow'r,

Whom Folly, in an evil hour,

The gifts of Fortune to defeat,

Brought forth, the torment of the great !

Caprice ! go vent thy little rage

On Vice, Deformity, or Age !

There tyrannize with boundless sway,

Nor Youth and Beauty make thy prey.

With those bright eyes, that blooming face,

That shape, and air, and winning grace,

With all that Wit, and Taste impart,

To hold in captive chains the heart ;

Yet, *Laura*, with what fatal haste

Your fleeting moments run to waste !

Your spring of life, alas ! is o'er,

That joyous age that comes no more !

You captives make—yet not a swain

But soon, disgusted, breaks his chain.

Caprice those brilliant eyes disarms,

An antidote to all your charms ;

Fraught

Fraught with the powers to save or kill,  
 You Lovers gain, to treat them ill :  
 To day you smile, to morrow frown ;  
 You raise our hopes, then spurn them down ;  
 Now spread, and now contract your sail,  
 As Fancy and Caprice prevail.  
 Would any wretch embark for life  
 With such a fair, fantastick wife ?  
 No, rather let me stem the tide,  
 Without a helm my bark to guide,  
 The sport of waves and varying winds,  
 Than trust to such capricious minds,  
 Where Whim and Passion hold the rein,  
 And slighted Reason pleads in vain.  
 Though Fortune on our prospects smiles,  
 Caprice our fairest hopes beguiles ;  
 Though blest with friends, with youth and health,  
 And all the gay parade of wealth,  
 With equipage, a mansion fair,  
 With turrets glitt'ring high in air ;  
 Our lawns extend, our waving woods  
 Inverted nod from silver floods ;  
 With ev'ry earthly means of bliss,  
 Our roads to happiness we miss.  
 Capricious Fancy's dazzling light  
 Misleads us like a dancing sprite ;  
 Thro' woods and wilds we vagrant roam,  
 And never reach our destin'd home.  
 Nature decks out a various feast,  
 To humour each fastidious guest ;  
 But Fancy, like a wayward child,  
 By too indulgent parents spoil'd,  
 Indignant kens the offer'd treat,  
 Tho' urg'd by hunger, scorns to eat ;  
 Turns from mamma with angry eye,  
 And frets and pouts, it knows not why.

## ON B E A U T Y.

BEAUTY the theme—the vocal string  
 Once more I tune, thy power to sing ;  
 But—can a day, a vacant hour,  
 Suffice to sing fair beauty's power,

Whose praises have adorn'd the page  
 Of every Bard, of every Sage,  
 Ambitious to possess the bays,  
 From Plato's and from Homer's days ?

Mysterious source of love and joy !  
 What daring *tropes* shall I employ,  
 What glowing tints thy charms to dress ?  
 Which, ah ! I feel, but can't express.

Ere rising from the purpled main,  
 The Loves and Graces in her train,  
 Bright Venus claim'd thee for her own,  
 Thro' Nature's works thy power was known.

In evening clouds of flaming gold,  
 Beauty enthron'd in state behold ;  
 Or with the dewy morning rise  
 Refulgent from the orient skies !  
 Awful she rules those orbs of light,  
 That glittering deck the wintry night :  
 Nor with superiour lustre glows  
 In the chaste lily or the rose.

In works of art, her power the same,  
 Assuming fair *Proportion's* name,  
 The marble column's stately height  
 And swelling dome enchant our sight.

But, in the dance see Delia move !  
 Majestic as the Queen of Love.  
 There Beauty's charms complete appear,  
 Her various powers are centered there.

How



How vain are all the toils of art  
 To decorate each lovely part,  
 Where, Nature's gift, her charming soul  
 Pervades and animates the whole!  
 With brilliant gems from India's mines  
 Her ivory neck encircled shines :  
 With lawn and lace her bosom veil'd  
 Ten thousand charms there lie conceal'd :  
 Her robe with richest foliage blooms,  
 The glory of the British looms !

Delia, thus pompously trick'd out,  
 We think her *beautiful*, no doubt :  
 But oh ! remove that veil of dress,  
 And *Beauty's* self our eyes would bless.

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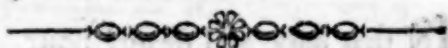
A F R A G M E N T.

— IN that dark and deadly hour  
 Reigns Despair, with monarch power :  
 But most when from his lowest bed  
 Old Ocean heaves his angry head,  
 When, with a deep and sullen roar,  
 The blustering billows lash the shore ;  
 The Demon of the storm on high  
 Hurries through the troubled sky,  
 With baleful aim profusely pouts  
 Wint'ry blasts and rattling showers ;  
 The deep ton'd peal, and livid flash,  
 Of fretful elements the crash,  
 The world of waters, black as hell,  
 In crested pride, and haughty swell,  
 Express, in a terrific strain,  
 What human words can ne'er attain.  
 See ! yonder, in the murky air,  
 Triumphant rides our king Despair.  
 Amidst this scene of wild affray,  
 That speaks confusion and dismay,  
 When ghastly death, with furious haste,  
 Rides the wave, and wings the blast,  
 What seaman, in his brittle bark,

Rigg'd,

*Rigg'd, perhaps, with curses dark,*  
 But shrinks appal'd, no longer brave,  
 Starting aghast at every deep mouth'd wave.  
 Soon the vessel's gaping side  
 Largely drinks the briny tide :  
 Then what cries are heard around !  
 From the Strygian Gulph profound  
 Spirits of Destruction fly ;  
 Borne on blood stain'd wings they hie :  
 Woven in Fate's iron loom,  
 Many a sailor's ruthless doom  
 They bring ; and, hovering round the while,  
 Loudly yell a hideous smile.

A harsher strain of shrieking woe  
 Bursts from the deep abyss below :  
 But, feebler now, now heard no more,  
 They die, beneath the torrent's roar.



#### DELIA'S RETURN.

THE shepherds had scarcely begun  
 The sports of the wake t' enjoy ;  
 Each shepherdess thought it too soon,  
 Since Delia's return was so nigh.  
 Young Strephon, to throw off his grief  
 Attempted, but found it in vain ;  
 The villagers join'd their relief,  
 But Delia was not on the plain.  
 Yet see, how revers'd is the scene !  
 Young Strephon now ceases to mourn ;  
 How joyful the shepherds are seen  
 At Delia's long look'd for return !  
 By the Dee, see each nymph and each swain  
 Leave their flocks to graze for a while ;  
 And see how enliven'd the plain,  
 Now blest with fair Delia's smile !  
 Blythe Strephon now happy appears ;  
 (At the wake he with Delia join'd)  
 No longer he has any fears,  
 Since Delia's return'd, and is kind.

*Foreign*

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# Monthly Gazette.

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## Foreign Occurrences.

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### Prussia.

THE capital of the Prussian Silesia has become the scene of insurrection, of which the consequences may be serious. A journeyman taylor had a mind to leave his master. The body of masters opposed it, and he was punished by corporal correction. The journeymen taylor's assembled in a rage, and were joined by the journeymen carpenters and masons. The commandant alarmed, instead of employing methods of persuasion, preferred those of force. He caused cannon to be brought, ordered them to be loaded with case shot, and killed sixteen persons. This irritated the populace to a greater degree, and every thing is in the utmost disorder.

The nearest calculation of the loss of men sustained, by the Republic, in Flanders and the country of Liege, since the first of November last, is 150,000, that is 70,000 killed on the field of battle and 60,000 who have died in hospitals, besides the deserters.

The inhabitants of Dantzick have taken the new oath to the Prussian Monarch, under circumstances of much pomp and solemnity. There were exhortations from the clergy founded on particular texts chosen by the civil commissioners; then speeches from these commissioners and responses by the magistrates; after which a procession to take the oaths; and lastly the populace shouted, long live Frederick William the good father of his people.

### Germany.

The late Hungarian Diet have granted to his Majesty 5000 recruits, to complete the national regiments, and 3000 more being wanted the states have given orders to raise them without delay.

From the lists given in it appears that there are 4100 persons of both sexes in captivity among the Turks, by whom they were taken during the campaigns of 1788, 89 and 90. The Porte has been unable to restore them, since they have been sold as slaves to owners unknown, and perhaps at an immense distance from the Turkish capital. His Majesty has assigned the fund of the suppressed order of Trinitarians for their Redemption.

The rapid advance of Custine at the head of an army of 120,000 men, has created so general an apprehension and confusion in Frankfort, that the principal inhabitants are removing with their effects to a place of more safety.

### Spain.

Our troops have been successful in all their attacks upon the French. They have taken the towns of Ceret and Argeles, together with the village and fort of Masdeu, and killed from 300 to 400, not including 290 drowned in attempting to cross the river, besides capturing 200 prisoners. The



town of St. Laurence and at villages of the French Cerduria have surrendered themselves spontaneously to the Catholick armies, with the ringing of bells, found of musick and acclamations of long live the King of Spain.

France.

The following is the situation of the combined armies about Mayence. On the left bank of the Rhine are the Prussian and Saxon batteries, which play partly upon the French batteries of Cortheim, and partly upon their trenches on the Rhine. These batteries are supported by the camp of Mermoschofheim. On the other side of the main are the Prussian batteries which extend as far as Morelin Tonnert, where the Saxon batteries begin, which are prolonged as far as the steeple of Erdenheim. The Hessian batteries reach from that place as far as Mosbeach, which place as well as Biberish is occupied by the Prussians and Hessians. Behind these batteries are the Prussian, Saxon and Hessian camp.

On the other side of the Rhine begins the Prussian camp, near Budenheim and extends behind Mombach and Gozenheim on the heights of the road to Meriemborn. On the other side of Meriemborn begins the camp of the Imperialists and extends to Laubetcheim. All the camps together form a circle of nearly six leagues in circumference.

May 18.—General Custine writes, that he made a grand movement to dislodge 8000 of the enemy who were posted at Rheinzaborn. The design failed of execution in part from the treachery of one of the officers, but the troops displayed uncommon bravery in general, and the enemy suffered very considerably.

May 25.—General Maliere writes, that his troops had forced three entrenchments on the post de Bouiq, and taken 400 prisoners.

May 24.—The adjutant general of the army of the north announces, that they had attacked the Dutch army near Menin in three points. That the enemy lost all their posts, 3 pieces of cannon, 7 waggons of ammunition, 500 men killed, and 300 prisoners, with 28 officers of rank. The military chest was taken as well as much property, and such was the rapidity of the flight, the French were obliged to carry into Lille 22 waggon loads of wounded left on the field of battle.

The National Convention in their sitting of June 2, were thrown into a violent ferment, occasioned by the denunciation of some members, who were accused at the will of the populace. After lengthy debates, the ministers of the day were ordered into arrests, and twenty members of the assembly; among them, are Genfomme, the late President, Brissot and Pethion.

The commissioners at Fontenay le Peuple, state that the rebels made their appearance before that town in considerable force, supported by a large train of artillery. After a cannonade which lasted several hours, the army of patriots sallied out to meet them, and they were repulsed with the loss of 26 pieces of artillery, their provisions, ammunition, baggage waggon, a furnace to prepare hot balls, cattle and eighty waggons loaded with grain and flour.

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The cidevant Prince de Conde and the cidevant Duke of Orleans are on trial before the criminal tribunal of Marseilles. The answer of the former to the interrogatories put to him by the judges, are delivered in writing and display great firmness of mind. Those of the latter excite only pity and contempt.

The insurgents at present occupy the territory of six departments. Their armies are from twenty to twenty five thousand men. They are armed with fowling pieces, and have neither sword nor bayonets. Of service muskets they have only such as they have taken from the patriots. They have no sort of military organization, no regiments, no gradation of officers, and no plans for campaign. They march in columns of three or four men in front, the head of each column directed by one of their chiefs, who alone knows the point to which they are to be conducted. When they fight they conceal themselves in the heath broom. On their first appearance four or five of them are seen together in each direction, crawling among the hedges and dykes, and endeavouring to approach as near as possible, to discharge at such of our soldiers as may advance before the line. The remainder of their troops then arrive in a body, in full speed, and uttering loud shouts, frequently inspire terror and do great execution.

The distress of the French garrison at Mentz exceeds all description. The soldiers live upon horse flesh, which on account of the weather soon becomes infectious. The number of patients in the hospital amounts to 6000 men.

The tomb of General Dampiere is in the midst of the camp of Famars. It has three fronts, with the following inscriptions. On the side of Mons, He detested traitors, he loved his country. On the side of Valenciennes, His virtues assure to him immortality. And on the side of Paris, Soldiers of Liberty, French Republicans, he was to you a rare example of valor and civism.

The following ordonnance is past respecting neutral bottoms.

1. Ships of war and privateers are authorized to seize and carry into the ports of the Republick, merchant vessels which are wholly or in part loaded with provisions, being neutral property, bound to any enemy's port, or having on board merchandize belonging to an enemy.

2. Merchandize belonging to the enemy is declared a lawful prize, seizable for the profit of the captor. Provisions, being neutral property, shall be paid for at the price they could have sold for at the port where they were bound.

3. On every occasion neutral vessels shall be immediately released the moment the provisions found on board are landed, or the seizure of the merchandize shall be effected. The freight shall be settled at the rate paid by charterers; a proper compensation shall be granted for detention of the vessels by the tribunals who are to adjudge the prizes.

#### Great Britain.

Lord Hood, with the last division of the Fleet for the Mediterranean, sailed from England the latter end of May. We are informed that a descent is

to be made on the island of Corsica, where the celebrated Paschal Paoli is at the head of a body of the inhabitants to cooperate in measures for securing the conquest of the country. Should it prove successful General Paoli will be appointed viceroy.

The friends of Mr. Fox, wish to raise a sum for that gentleman which will purchase him an annuity of £3000 for life, to discharge his debts which are somewhere about £10,000, and to pay him one year's annuity in advance. Mr. Cook, Mr. Lambton, and Mr. Wharton give £3000 each, and £34,000 has already been paid in.

In the County of Roscommon and Hego, Ireland, above 20,000 of the common people are in arms pulling down the gentlemen's houses and the churches, and a spirit of insurrection has made its appearance in various other parts of the kingdom. Nearly 1000 bankruptcies have taken place from the commencement of the present war. Where they will stop it is impossible to determine.

A few weeks since the French executive council, sent over two letters directed to Lord Grenville, on the subject of a pacification with England. Lord Grenville received them, but consequent on some informalities attending the delivery they have not been officially noticed.

The law suits relative to the St. Eustatius captures are completely finished. A curse seems to have attended that affair. Lord Rodney died so poor that he was buried by public charity; and the sailors upon a neat dividend received one farthing a piece.

The India company have closed with the offer of the proprietors of their own stock, for an addition of one million to their capital by way of loan. The subscription is taken at 200 per cent. which will furnish £2,000,000, in ready money and leave the subscribers a bonus of from six to seven per cent. This is little more than half the profit which Mr. Pitt's loan afforded, and yet we do not hear that there was any competition.

### *Domestick Occurrences.*

#### *Tempest.*

**T**HERE has been a severe tempest at Concord, Newhampshire, accompanied with heavy thunder and considerable rain. About three miles North of the Meeting House it hailed, the hail stones were nearly as large as ounce balls. It levelled most of the corn, rye, oats, &c. for a considerable distance and width, its course being from N. W. to S. E. One half the roof of a house belonging to Lieut Phineas Kimball was taken off by the wind, carried a considerable distance and dashed to pieces.

#### *The Privateer Roland.*

Upon the return of the French Privateer Roland into Boston harbour, four Americans were apprehended on board of her; and after an examination before Justice Barrett, they were committed to prison for trial at the

next



next circuit Court of the United States for this district, which will be holden on the 12th. of October next. The charge against them is aiding and assisting in fitting out vessels and piratically and feloniously capturing the vessels of nations at peace with the United States.

#### Ambuscade and Boston Frigates.

The Capt. of the Boston Frigate having sent a challenge to the Capt. of the Ambuscade, the latter immediately unmoored from before New York, and proceeded for the Hook. On Tuesday August 1st, the two ships made each other about day break, and very soon came to close and severe action. Both ships were materially damaged in their spars, rigging, sails, &c. Many men were killed, and wounded, and several gallant officers paid the debt of honour. The Boston finally hauled off, carrying all the sail she could croud, and the Ambuscade, after a fruitless chase of eight hours, has returned into port.

#### Accidents.

A son of Mr. Josiah Peckham of Petersham, about three years old, fell into a well twenty feet deep, with about six inches of water, covering a hard cragged rock; being immediately discovered, his father descended and found him standing on his feet, without having received any material injury except a small fracture on his skull.

The body of James Tyrer, was found dead on the road of Wendell town. A coroner's inquest being taken, it appeared that Mr. Tyrer left his work on the preceding evening, and returning home with a scythe, received a wound in his right arm, near his body, which proved the means of his immediate death.

#### Bridges.

The India Bridge, building at the south part of Providence over Seacoonk river, is now completed. This bridge will greatly accommodate all travellers passing through Providence from the southerly part of Massachusetts. The spirited people at Warren, Rhodeisland, are about to build a good bridge at Kelly's ferry, in Warren, which will greatly facilitate travellers from Newport to Boston.

#### French Ambassador.

Mr. Geset, Ambassador from the Republic of France, having, as it has been said, threatened to appeal to the people, in consequence of some misunderstanding between him and the President of the United States, relative to the interpretation of certain parts of the treaty between France and America, has addressed a letter to the President, in which he solicits an explicit disavowal of these injurious reports. The Hon. Mr. Jefferson, Secretary of State, has answered this letter, in one of those cold modes of replication, which rather fixes the imputed stigma, than wipes away the odium.

#### Curious Animal.

A very extraordinary animal has lately been discovered on the Bald mountain and other mountains in the Western territory. This animal is between 12 and 15 feet high, and in shape resembling a human being, except

the head, which is in equal proportion to its body, and drawn in somewhat like a Tarapin; its feet are like those of a negro, about two feet long and hairy, and are of a dark, dun colour; its eyes are exceedingly large, and open and shut up and down its face; the hair of his head is about six inches long, stands straight like a negro's; its nose is like that of the human species, only large and inclined to what is called Roman. These animals are bold, and have lately attempted to kill several persons, in which attempts some of them have been shot. The inhabitants of the place call it a Yahoo. The Indians give it the name of Chickly Cudly.

#### Southern Indians.

Thirteen towns of the Creek Nation are at avowed hostility with the State of Georgia, and have chosen a half breed by the name of Galphin, as their chief.

The executive of Georgia, has equipped and marched to the frontiers four troops of horse; the whole militia are divided into three classes; part of the first have been put into motion towards the frontier; the remainder are to hold themselves in readiness to march at a minute's warning. The main camp of the marauding party is supposed to be in Cumberland mountain; in search of this banditti the governor has ordered out Capt. John Beard, with a party of mounted infantry.

The Cherokee council with the Shawanese Ambassadors, held at Will's town, adjourned a few days past. The result is said to be, That the Cherokees determined on peace with the United States, and five of their Ambassadors, with Mr. Willbank, who has long resided among that nation, on the next day departed for the northern tribes.

#### The French Frigate Concord.

The first Monday in August, the Frigate Concord, mounting 44 guns, commanded by Citizen Van Dogen, arrived and anchored in the light house channel, Boston outer Harbour, where she remained till Wednesday the 7th, when she got under way and came up to town. She passed Castle Island a few minutes after two, and paid a republican salute of fifteen guns, which was immediately returned by the fortress. Upon her arrival before the town, she saluted it in the like manner, which was returned by the Artillery company commanded by Citizen S. Bradlee, who was previously ordered by his Excellency, to a commanding station on Fort Hill, for the purpose of congratulating our allies.

The hills, wharves and many houses were covered with the citizens, who testified by their acclamations and huzzas the pleasure they felt, at seeing the first ship, from our friends the Gallick republicans, in this harbour, and that ship one of the finest in the world. She is manned by 400 Frenchmen, who live in the most perfect harmony and appear to be exceedingly alert and happy.

#### Murder and Piracy.

Claude Paine, Philip Mounier, Robert Roberts, John Edwards, Henry M. Daniel, and Thomas Boyle, were tried in the circuit court of the United States for murder and piracy, at the June term, North Carolina, when Thomas Boyle and Robert Roberts were acquitted, and the rest found guilty, received sentence of death.

A certain

**Henfield's Trial.**

A certain Gideon Henfield of Salem, Massachusetts, prize master on board the *Citizen Genet*, has been tried before the circuit court of the United States, for the district of Pennsylvania, being charged in the indictment on twelve hoarded counts for violating the laws of nations and those of the United States. After several days consumed in arguments by the learned counsel, and the replication of very lengthy charges from the judicial department, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

**Marine Serpent.**

On the 20th of June, Captain Crabtree having just made Mount Desert Island, distant nearly two leagues, suddenly got sight of a Serpent of an enormous size, swimming on the surface of the ocean; its head was elevated about six or eight feet out of water. That part of the body which was discernible appeared to be the size of a barrel in circumference, but the head larger, having some resemblance of a horse's. It was supposed to be from 55 to 60 feet in length.

**American Commerce.**

By accounts from various parts, the American Commerce is much impeded by the British Privateers, many of whom are commanded by the most unprincipled of men. The West India ports are filled with our vessels taken on suspicion of having French Property on board. It is but candid to remark, that the Commanders of Ships of war, in commission of his Britannick majesty, have in general treated the American Flag with great respect.

**Washington Hotel.**

At the laying of the corner stone of the Hotel, to be built by lottery in the Federal city, upwards of 1500 persons were present, and walked from thence in procession, preceded by a lodge of Free Masons, to a dinner, the principal of which consisted of an ox roasted whole. A number of toasts were drank on the occasion, and the day concluded with much harmony. The principal front of the Hotel will extend 100 feet, and the assembly room will be 40 by 60. The whole will form the most magnificent building in America, perhaps in any other country.

**Recipe to cure Cancers.**

Take a bushel of red oak bark and burn it to ashes: Take the ashes and boil them in three gallons of water, until the water is reduced to a gallon; then strain it and boil it again till it is reduced to a thick substance similar to butter milk or cream; then spread a plaister of it on silk or lint, and renew the plaister once in two hours, until the roots of the cancer are well cured. It will sometimes take four and sometimes six plaisters, but do not be discouraged if it should take twelve.

**Marriages.**

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. Joseph Rouse to Miss Mehitable Cabot; Mr. Stephen Gulliver, to Miss Abigail Levitt; Major Samuel Millar Thayer to Miss Hannah Calef; Mr. John Perket to Miss Elizabeth Poole;



the head, which is in equal proportion to its body, and drawn in somewhat like a Tarapin; its feet are like those of a negro, about two feet long and hairy, and are of a dark, don colour; its eyes are exceedingly large, and open and shut up and down its face; the hair of his head is about six inches long, stands straight like a negro's; its nose is like that of the human species, only large and inclined to what is called Roman. These animals are bold, and have lately attempted to kill several persons, in which attempts some of them have been shot. The inhabitants of the place call it a Yahoo. The Indians give it the name of Chickly Cudly.

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Poole ; Mr. Deagles to Miss Mary Conner ; Mr. John H Belcher to Miss Betsey Rumney.—*Bridgewater*, Mr. Douglass Harvey to Miss Joanna Turner.—*Hatfield*, Mr. Nathaniel Bangs to Miss Lucinda Parker.—*Middleborough*, Mr. Thomas Bennet to Miss Ruthy Tompson.—*Newbury Port*, Mr. Edmund M. Baker to Miss Polly Knap ; Captain Thomas Morris to Miss Polly Rolf.—*Paxton*, Mr. John Bemis to Miss Giffet Livermore.—*Roxbury*, Mr. Charles Nolen to Miss Eliza Gridley.—*Salem*, Mr. William Jerkins to Mrs. Lydia Needham.—*Westport*, Mr. Abraham Tripp to Miss Polly Warren.—*Wells*, Mr. John Noble to Miss Abigail Blunt.—**RHODE ISLAND.**—Captain Jacob Smith to Miss Polly English ; Mr. Daniel Howland to Miss Sarah Greene.—**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—Rev. John Kelly to Miss Nabby Dearborne ; Mr. Alexander Lyel to Miss Betsey Fishley ; Rev. William Frederick Rowland to Miss Sally Ladd ; Mr. Jacob Quincy to Miss Ann Bigelow ; Mr. John Waldron to Miss Sarah Sloper.—**CONNECTICUT.**—Mr. Daniel Lathrop to Miss Betsey Turner ; Mr. Samuel Whalpley to Miss Elizabeth Hall.—**NEW YORK.**—Mr. William Cogswell to Miss Mary Commelin.—**PENNSYLVANIA.** Mr. William Cramond to Miss Nixon.—*Virginia*, Mr. Thomas Shore, to Miss Jenny Wall.

#### Deaths.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—*Boston*, Capt. John Langdon, 45 ; Mr. Isaac Wendell, 44 ; Mrs. Mary Woodlet, 66 ; Mrs. Anna Eayres, 55 ; Mr. Moses Pattengill, 20 ; Mr. John Sands, 17, drowned ; Mrs. Fanny Belcher, 50 ; Mrs. Mary Snow, 87 ; Mr. Josiah Langdon, 19 ; Mrs. Margaret Cornick, 27 ; Mrs. Sarah Low, 69 ; Mrs. Abigail Hammatt ; Mrs. Susanna Young.—*Andover*, Mr. Peter Kimball.—*Boylston*, Mrs. Mary Town, 84.—*Berwick*, Mr. William Lord.—*Charlestown*, Mr. David Wood, tertius, 23 ; Mr. John Stoddard, 27.—*Dover*, Mrs. Eliza Mellen, 21.—*Groton*, Mr. Parks, accidental ; Mr. Joseph Morton, 82.—*Gloucester*, Mr. John Huse, 108 ; Mr. John Deane.—*Jamaica Plains*, Mrs. Elizabeth Keyes, 41.—*Kennebunk*, Mrs. Cole.—*Lynn*, Miss Sally Coffin Parsons ; Miss H. Parsons.—*Lunenburg*, Mrs. Nancy Cunningham, 23.—*Natick*, Lieut. Nathan Stone, 47.—*Newbury Port*, Miss Sybil Sawyer, 17 ; Mr. Thomas P. Tappan, 21 ; Mr. Ebenezer Choate.—*Newbury*, Mr. Caleb Moody, 61 ; Mrs. Hannah Plummer, 90.—*Taunton*, Captain James Leonard, 71.—*Reading*, Miss Nabby Hart, drowned ; Mrs. Patience Nichols, 56.—*Salem*, Mr. James Brown, 56 ; Mr. Robert Buffum, 53, drowned ; Mrs. Punchard.—*Southington*, Mrs. Lucy Lee.—*Templeton*, Miss Lucy Haskell, 26.—*Worcester*, Miss Eliza Barker, 23 ; Hon. Timothy Paine, Esquire ; Mr. Francis Harrington, 84.—*Wilmington*, Rev. Isaac Morrill.—*West Springfield*, Mr. Timothy Burbank, 84.—*Woburn*, Captain Samuel Fowler, 89 ; Mr. Jonathan Laurence, 67.—*Wimthrop*, Mr. Jedidiah Prescott, 74.—*York*, Captain Richard Trevett, 72.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—Mrs. Sarah Bliss, 100 ; Mr. Charles Handy ; Mr. Richard Hart, 92 ; Mrs. Penelope Hewes ; Mrs. Gardner ; Mr. Samuel Remington.